THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XLV. No. 1139 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1953 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

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The Rewards of Public Enterprise

THE flight trials of the Handley Page HP 80 and the Avro Vulcan bombers may mark a technical achievement in aerodynamics as decisive and significant as the flight of the first jet fighter was in the development of aero engines. Here are two large aircraft which, if they fulfil the expectations of their designers, will fly with equal manoeuvrability and safety at *all* speeds up to that of sound. This is a striking gain. The aerodynamicist may now be within sight of building airframes, for civil or military purposes, which will allow with safety the fullest exploitation of the huge power potential which the gas turbine still holds in reserve.

It is no accident that Britain, which ten years ago jumped ahead of the world with the first jet fighters, should have forged a new lead, first with the Comet and now with the new bombers. It is the result of careful planning and well-judged investment by successive Governments, no less than of the designers' vision and the technical skill of the manufacturers. In each case, the pattern of development has been similar. The impulse has derived, not from the painstaking technological mopping-up of all the incidental surroundings of an existing development, but from the setting of a new target, distant, exciting, seemingly all but unattainable. The basic objective has sometimes been conceived by an individual designer, sometimes by a committee (work on the Comet, for instance, was begun following a requirement stated by the Brabazon Committee, which sat as long ago as 1943 to consider Britain's post-war civil aviation needs), more often from the Air Staff and the Ministry of Supply. But whatever its origin, the result has been achieved by a co-ordination of effort between the industry and the Government. The firms have done their brilliant best. But they have worked within a Government plan and, in one way or another, they have worked largely on Government capital. It has, in fact, become a truism to say that, in the field of high-powered aircraft, private enterprise in any real sense no longer exists in Britain.

Not only is the Government itself (or in civil aviation the Government-owned Corporations) a monopoly purchaser and thus able to call the tune of development, dictate the level of activity in different parts of the industry and carry the enormous capital overheads of aircraft development; it is also the owner of all the important research establishments, which serve the industry and provide designers with the corpus of fundamental knowledge which they have to transmute into airframes and engines. By taking upon itself many of the overheads and most of the risk which would, in other industries, be borne by private capital, the Government has given the aircraft industry both the confidence and the incentive to raise its sights. Indeed, it has done more. By refraining between 1945 and 1950 from rushing into production with every new development which was but a secondary exploitation of an already existing type, it ensured that in those crucial years the strides forward into the post-jet age were as long as those which separated the Meteor from the Spitfire.

The Labour Government came at times under fierce criticism, most of it ill-informed and partisan, from the press, from Air Force officers impatient at being confined to obsolescent aircraft, and from disappointed manufacturers. The Air Force, it was said, was being deprived of the latest types: in both civil and military flying the Americans—and perhaps the Russians—had stolen a march on us. There was, to be sure, a short-term risk, both military and commercial, in the long-sighted plan. But history will surely count it to have been well-judged. The HP 80 and the Vulcan, the Comet and the Viscount, the Hunter and the Javelin are the answers to the critics. As they go into production and service, this country once more gains a clear lead in the unending pursuit of technical excellence.

And so we must. If Britain is to maintain, with her limited resources and in the face of American technology, a high industrial standard of living, she can do it only by being recognised as the research laboratory of the world. The conversion value of tools is not enough. The mass market of American industry will always give the U.S. a technological advantage. We must add the conversion value of brains, daring and imagination. In that race, all start

level, and the lead will be held by the country which is prepared to take the risks and go ruthlessly for the big objectives. British aircraft are the proof that Government planning can accomplish this without frustrating the sometimes temperamental genius of the designers. U.S. private enterprise has successfully exploited with its huge resources the potential of each of the big developments; it has largely failed to initiate them.

It may be admitted that only a few projects can be accorded the costly priority involved in claiming the technical championship of the world. It is also true that, even in aircraft, the somewhat anomalous combination of public and private capital has been unnecessarily expensive. But when all the less favourable factors are faced, the fact remains that we have evolved a method of planning in this industry which three times in ten years has carried us clear ahead of our competitors. Even with our limited resources we could plan ourselves to supremacy in other selected industries. This country could within five years take the lead in, for instance, the civil use of atomic energy, in electronics and antibiotics, as surely as it has in aircraft. The cost would be high, but the reward could happily transform our industrial future.

Tito and the Catholics

When objections were raised (quite wrongheadedly in our view) to Marshal Tito's forthcoming visit to this country, they were brushed aside on the ground that in relations between States, which need each other's military support, the character of their domestic regimes cannot be taken into account. This reply assumes that the present Yugoslav Government persecutes religious groups. It is not clear that it does anything of the kind. The patriarch of the Serbian Orthodox Church, the greatest religious community in Yugoslavia, denies any religious persecution, and so do the heads of the Muslim, Protestant, Old Catholic and Jewish religious communities. The State, in fact, goes far beyond its constitutional duty in subsidising and maintaining churches, chapels, mosques, synagogues, and theological seminaries and faculties. The churches are full, and there are as many priests, nuns and monks as before the war. Even the Roman Catholic hierarchy is not unanimous in its complaints; about a quarter of the priesthood defies the Vatican by belonging to voluntary associations friendly to the regime. Nor is it at all clear that the freedom of conscience and religion guaranteed by the Constitution is abused. Training schools for priests still function; religious instruction for children on church premises is permitted, and Catholic marriages are allowed.

Would it not be more honest for the Vatican to explain that its real complaint is that, by the Land Reform and Nationalisation of Industry Acts, the Church has been deprived, not of its right to save souls, but of much of its worldly wealth? Should it not also admit that much of what it describes as persecution has really very little to do with religious faith? Had not many of the Bishops, who in Zagreb last September obeyed Rome in denouncing such Catholics as were willing to co-operate with the regime, themselves been supporters of the Clerico-Fascist regime of Pavelich during the war? No Quisling regime had a more shocking or sadistic record. Under Pavelich the Roman Catholic hierarchy in Croatia revived the ancient practice of mass conversion by fire and sword; it seems not to have raised a finger of protest while nearly a quarter of a million Serbs were murdered by the Ustachi. Archbishop Stepinac was himself Chaplain-General of the Ustachi forces and President of the Committee of three (the other two being bishops) who directed this policy of mass conversion. He received the highest Ustachi decoration for his services. Pavelich was blessed by the Pope during the war, and was apparently aided by the Vatican to escape to the Argentine. We cannot pretend surprise even if it is true that the present Yugoslav State does, in fact, display some bias against the Roman Catholic hierarchy.

American Advice to Lancashire

The Report on the British cotton industry issued this week by a "Productivity Team" of employers and trade unionists from the United States has a good many hard things to say about Lancashire's problem industry. The Americans, indeed, start out from a quite different approach to that which is common over here. They are interested mainly in long runs of highly standardised cloth, made of standard yarns, and very little in goods of fine quality or in short runs of specialised products. Accordingly, they have no use for mule-spinning and are very insistent on the importance of the fully automatic loom—and therewith appear to be advising Lancashire to go all out, with modern ring-spinning machinery and modern looms, to recapture its lost markets for cheap textiles in the less developed countries. This involves not only a very heavy expenditure on re-equipment, but also a completely new labour structure, with the performance of all unskilled work by labourers or learners, and the concentration of skilled workers on highly specialised skilled tasks. Obviously such a system, if Lancashire firms and workers could ever be induced to accept it, would lower costs a good deal below present levels; but would it lower them enough to enable Lancashire to compete with Japan, or even with America, *in the cheaper lines*? If not, there is more than this Report admits to be said for paying attention to quality production, despite the limitations of the market for high-grade products. This does not mean that Lancashire does not need re-equipment, or that it is really sound policy to carry on with out-of-date machines which are usable only because their cost has been written off long ago. This, the Report points out, is a policy of despair; but its general recommendations are less helpful than they might be because of the central assumption from which it sets out.

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Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

Britain's Coal Picture

Although final figures, as we go to press, are still awaited, the broad picture of British coal production in 1952 is now adequately clear. With a labour force averaging 17,000 more than in 1951, production is up by about 2½ million tons; inland consumption, reflecting trade recession, has fallen by about the same amount; and the resulting gain of 5 million tons in "availability" has been distributed between exports (*plus* 3½ million tons) and stocks. The fact that the increase in output is proportionately less than that in numbers of miners is disappointing; but it has to be borne in mind that a high intake of new entrants was likely to be reflected, as it has been, in a slight drop in output per man-shift. The real question for the future is what estimate the Board is making of future demand, both inland and for export, and what policy is to be pursued in relation to the long-term development plan—based, as it was, on the conception that only by the closing of high-cost collieries and the opening of new pits could the average price of British coal be lowered. The miners' clear determination to maintain their existing level of real wages makes it increasingly urgent to cheapen costs other than wages. The coalfields are a sector of the national economy in which there must be no cheeseparing in capital investment.

The Mullahs Win the Day

A Correspondent writes: Pakistan has been an independent State for nearly five years, but she has not had a Constitution. The fundamental issue has been whether Pakistan should be a modern secular State, with safeguards for minorities, or whether it should be run on strictly religious lines. It looks as if the Mullahs have won.

The new Constitution, which will be worked out in the Constituent Assembly during the next six months, is to be, in the Premier's words, "a mould through which [Pakistan's] political energy shapes itself into creative effort." He was presenting the Report of the Basic Principles Committee which was set up in March, 1949, to draw up "directive principles." Its proposals leave no doubt as to the kind of mould the draftsmen envisaged; it is, in fact, a "Mullahcracy." The teaching of the Koran will be compulsory, and organisations will be set up for this purpose; steps will be taken to bring existing laws into conformity with Islamic principles and to codify such injunctions of the Koran and Sunnah as can be given legislative effect; suitable steps will be taken to prevent activities subversive of principles embodied in the Committee's Resolution. The proposal is made that the Head of the State must be a Muslim, and that he should constitute a Board of not more than five people well versed in Islamic law to advise him on any new laws which they might consider as repugnant to the Koran and the Sunnah. If they have objections to any legislation, the Head of the State then refers it back to the Legislature, and the final decision not only requires a majority of its members but the support of a majority of the Muslim members on the grounds that an interpretation of the Koran and Sunnah is involved. In effect this would give the Mullahs the power of veto. Similar Advisory Boards would assist the heads of provincial governments.

These proposals are quite incompatible with other "directives" that the State "should protect all the legitimate rights and interests of the

non-Muslim communities of Pakistan," and "should endeavour to discourage amongst the Muslims of Pakistan, parochial, tribal, racial and other similar un-Islamic feelings." A Federal Legislature is proposed, consisting of two Houses, the House of Units with 120 members and the House of People, which alone can introduce Money Bills, with 400. The proposal that East and West Pakistan should have parity in both Houses will help to eliminate provincial jealousies, but the suggestion for separate electorates can only serve to increase communal tension.

Many of the "directive principles" are suggestive of a Welfare State—providing, as they do, for the basic necessities of life for those citizens, irrespective of caste or creed, who are temporarily or permanently incapable of earning a livelihood; an economic policy directed so as to secure all-round well-being, irrespective of creed, race or colour, and to prevent the concentration of wealth and the means of production in the hands of a few to the detriment of the common man; the removal of illiteracy within a minimum period. On the vitally important point of the machinery needed to achieve these desirable objectives, the Report offers no illumination, but questions will undoubtedly be raised on these matters in the forthcoming Debates. The President of the Provincial Muslim League and Chief Minister of the Punjab, who is opposed to the Federal principle, has already referred to the "scourge of Mullahism which has threatened our State from the first day" and suggested that people had too much common sense to brook Mullahism in any shape or form. He appealed for constructive criticism of the Report, of which he was a signatory. But with a considerable number of potentially effective critics in prison, and in the absence of any well-organised Opposition, it seems likely that the Mullahs will win the day.

WASHINGTON

Waiting to Open the Parcel

Our Washington Correspondent writes: Like a child waiting for Christmas, the Republicans are eagerly counting the days until they can get their hands on the reins of power. Plans are being made for the biggest and best Inauguration ever; the hotel space is already sold out. Republican Congressmen have been receiving almost as many applications for patronage posts as they have Christmas cards. But as the great day approaches, doubts begin to gnaw. Thoughtful men begin to wonder whether the packages which glitter so attractively beneath the tree may not disappoint when they are opened. Mr. Joseph Dodge, the Detroit banker who has been sitting down with the men preparing Mr. Truman's last Budget, has been confessing privately his admiration for the thorough care with which requests are examined, and his fear that it may not be possible to introduce the cuts so lavishly promised during the campaign, unless there is a major change in the military expenditure. Mr. John Foster Dulles, having at last achieved his life's aim of being designated Secretary of State, is now finding that it is extremely difficult to recruit Under-Secretaries and Assistant Secretaries. For though there are ample numbers of willing Republicans who want to become postmasters, or Federal Judges, and while there is no shortage of well-paid Corporation executives prepared to take a large cut in income in order to get a senior job at the Department of Defence or the Department of Commerce, there is a regrettable lack of qualified people prepared to take a similar cut for the privilege of being attacked by Senators McCarthy and McCarran.

Meanwhile the Truman Administration is spending its last days in a flurry of activity. The President himself appears to have passed the word down that everything possible must be done to hand over a government not only in good athletic shape but also cleansed of the cankers and blemishes which loomed so large in the election campaign. Crime, corruption, Communism and Korea may have proved effective in 1952, but they are not to be permanently around the neck of Mr. Truman's party if he can do anything about it. Thus belatedly the Department of Justice is arranging for the deportation of one shady gangster after another. Hence the flow of indictments. The Truman Administration seems determined that the Republicans should not inherit a mass of easily disposable unfinished business. President Truman's instruction to Mr. Acheson to seek a new solution to the Anglo-Persian dispute belongs in this category.

Korea, however, is another matter. The way that American frustration was politically exploited during the campaign still rankles with the retiring President and when General MacArthur finally got into the act he blew his top. Few except the dwindling band of MacArthur worshippers seriously believe that he really had anything constructive to offer in the way of a solution. Fewer still defended his right to withhold any proposal from his military superiors. But it was essential for MacArthur to try to rehabilitate himself with the winning faction of the Republican party. His own relations with Eisenhower have been the coolest ever since 1939, when Lt.-Col. Eisenhower refused to write a report demonstrating that the Philippines could not possibly be invaded, and was sent home. On V.E. day MacArthur was the only theatre commander who did not send Eisenhower a signal of congratulation. MacArthur did what he could at the Republican Convention to prevent Eisenhower's nomination, and pointedly refrained from voting in the election. Something dramatic had to be done. Hence the speech to the National Association of Manufacturers, and the warmth of his telegram to his old friend "Ike." For Harry Truman it was too much to stomach.

PARIS

Pinay's End

Our Paris Correspondent writes: In the midst of all the Christmas festivities the poor Deputies —partly through their own fault—had their holidays ruined by the fall of M. Pinay in the early hours of December 24. Not that Cabinet crises are unusual at the end of December—with the Budget before the Assembly. But the fall of Pinay—or rather his spontaneous resignation without an adverse Assembly vote being actually taken—was something rather different in the eyes of many Frenchmen from a mere overthrow of a Pleven, a Queuille or a Bidault. These had come and gone and come again so often. . . . But Pinay had, over the last nine months, been built up into a symbol. A large part of the Press, and, of course, the Government-controlled radio, had drummed it into the general public that Pinay was the Saviour of the Franc, the Saviour of France, the Average Frenchman Who Understood What France Wanted and Needed. He was reassuring to the middle-class Frenchman, the small industrialist, the small businessman; and there is little doubt that, for several months, he had a fairly reassuring effect on the public generally—not least on the French housewife.

Completely unknown to the people at large, he had come in, at the beginning of March, as "a man with new solutions"; he had cashed in on the drop in many world prices; and had succeeded—partly because of this, and partly because of the somewhat artificially created psychological effect that this was "something new"—in checking the rise in the cost of living. Shopkeepers thought up the slogan, "Defence of the Franc"—and were able, thanks to it, to get rid of old unsaleable stocks with a loudly announced 5 per cent. cut in prices. The "fiscal amnesty" for past tax evasion had a reassuring effect in a country where few taxpayers have an absolutely clear conscience. Only, unfortunately, this "fiscal amnesty" did not have all the desired results; neither the amnesty itself, nor the "guaranteed-capital" loan that was floated under M. Pinay's banner had the effect of either repatriating the money hiding in private accounts in Canada or Switzerland, or unfreezing the gold tucked away in many a French home.

Suspicions grew that not all was well. Pinay was finding it more and more difficult to make ends meet. The Budget of 1953 was showing an initial deficit of some 600 milliards, and one day Pinay found that his majority was getting more and more restive, and that the M.R.P. were demanding an increase in family allowances, because the cost of living was, after all, showing a marked tendency to increase, in spite of everything.

In fact, as the Assembly debate showed, the question of family allowances was merely an excuse for overthrowing the Government. Practically all the parties constituting M. Pinay's majority—Pleven's R.G.R., the Radicals, the M.R.P., and even certain people among the "classical Right"—had been waiting for an opportunity to overthrow Pinay. Many felt that Pinay was "asserting" too much (one Radical even unkindly said that he was "governing by incantation"!) and that the time was ripe for a change. Moreover, there was something in Pinay's manner that went against the grain of Parliament. On the old Maurras principle of differentiating between the "real country" and the "legal country," he suggested by his whole manner that he had much wider support in the country than was shown by the very limited support he was getting in Parliament; also, in the course of the debate, reference was made to a variety of "pressure groups" that were supporting Pinay, regardless of the will of Parliament. Finally, there was the constant suspicion, felt on all sides of the house, that the "Experiment" was failing. This could be seen from the applause given on the night of Pinay's fall by large sections of the House to the criticisms made by M. Pineau for the Socialists, and M. Soustelle for the Gaullists. The gist of M. Pineau's attack was that while the Premier had checked the psychological consequences of inflation—not a negligible achievement—he had made two gross errors: he had strengthened the deflationist tendency just as an economic crisis was about to start; and he had totally neglected the importance of investment.

By declaring that they would abstain from voting for Pinay, the M.R.P. sealed his fate. M. Pinay did not wait for the vote; he walked out, and asked his Ministers to follow. The Assembly was furious.

This display of bad humour, this refusal to submit to a "public execution," were not in the true republican tradition; and, ironically enough, it was the Gaullists who were particularly indignant at this contempt for republican customs. The Socialists also complained that M. Pinay was putting himself "above Parliament," and was playing off "the country" against "Parliament," a n impression later strengthened by Pinay's announcement that he was not going to enter any Government on any account—rather with the suggestion that he was keeping himself in reserve as the Saviour for some extreme emergency.

Answer to Stalin

STALIN'S reply to the *New York Times'* inquiry about his attitude to war recalls President Coolidge's report of the preacher's view on sin: he is against it. In this matter there is no reason to doubt Stalin's sincerity. The Soviet Union has everything to lose being itself involved in war. Economically Russia is doing well, and the increase of Soviet prosperity is not, like America's, awkwardly related to rearmament. The fear of a slump is a capitalist, not a Communist, phenomenon. The U.S.S.R maintains a violent anti-Western propaganda, not for economic but for psychological reasons. Russia, moreover, has done much to restore the unparalleled devastation she suffered in the last war, though she cannot restore the lives of something like twenty million people killed by the Germans. If ever a country had good reason to wish to avoid war on her territory—as distinct from possibly advantageous revolutionary wars fought elsewhere—then that country is the Soviet Union. Moreover, with Communism successful in China long before Moscow expected it, and Peking conveniently cemented to Moscow by American intervention, Stalin can boast, as he did at the Party Congress last October, that the Soviet world is now one great marketing area, largely, if not wholly, independent of the West; it can detach itself and watch Western Imperialists scratching each others' eyes out, driving backward countries into Communist arms by time-dishonoured methods of colonialism, and rattling towards their doom to the glory of Communist theory and Soviet prophecy.

Though Stalin may have difficulties—and events in Warsaw, Prague and East Germany suggest that he has—it would be foolish to deduce from such purges, or from ideological polemics within the U.S.S.R., that the Kremlin's power is seriously weakened. The Moscow trials of the Thirties led Hitler into such an error. Looking round the world to-day, whether contemplating the struggle all over Africa, the wars in S.E. Asia, the confusion of Allied policies in Europe, or the rush of Republican totalitarianism in America, Stalin, like the hero of "Oklahoma," may have a wonderful feeling that everything is going his way.

The challenge of the comparatively stable and closely knit Communist world can be met by the Western world in one of three ways. The objections to the first of these—an aggressive, preventive war—need scarcely be stated. Morality apart, the military outcome is doubtful; the political result of rousing the coloured colonial peoples against the West is certain, and the destruction of all the West stands for, from a high standard of living to individual freedom, would be inescapable. Mr. Churchill, talking things over with General Eisenhower, will not miss the point: for England at any rate, an advance American bomber base, such a conflict would at least be a war to end war.

The second, and far the most likely reply to Stalin is for the West to continue in 1953 to muddle along as it did in 1952. In that case we shall boast about our strength; we shall make promises of "containment" and rearmament we cannot fulfil, first announcing, as we did in the case of European Defence, an expenditure we cannot afford, then promising to increase this figure, quickly withdrawing afterwards and actually carrying out less rearming than we originally promised. This is to waste our resources and to create both the maximum of suspicion and the maximum impression of futility. It is seldom good to combine provocation with weakness. By the same token we shall all continue to apply old-fashioned and long-discredited methods of colonial repression in our own dependencies, while at the same time rejoicing to expose the similar methods used by our neighbours. This is another way of simultaneously confirming Communist theory and undermining the basis of our own strength.

The third method of meeting Stalin's challenge may still succeed even at this date when so many situations that were once readily manageable have become highly complex and dangerous. We should restrict armaments to sensible proportions, recognising that most weapons will be out of date within a year, and that our problem is not primarily military, since Russia hopes to win, not by conquest, but by its own propaganda and our muddles. In short, we should spend our resources on making a success of our Western world. In that case, Communism would have little appeal. It does not attract people brought up in a free atmosphere unless freedom is submerged by poverty, the corruption of government and the decay of social, political and economic institutions. From Stalin's point of view, the victory of McCarthy and McCarran is worth an army of Soviet spies; if freedom of thought is sacrificed in the West, what superior claims has it on the allegiance of common men? It is no reply to say that in the U.S.S.R. there are labour camps and political executions; men do not die for an argument based on degrees of infamy.

Secondly, to counter the appeal of Communism, we must reconstruct our attitude to backward areas. Labour Britain made a promising political beginning in India, Pakistan, Ceylon and Burma and West Africa; in principle it was on the right lines in the ground nut scheme, though its programming was rash and inefficient. If half the world's market is shut to us by Communism—it is not clear how far this is so now, or how far it is still only America that bars East-West trade—then the more reason for a partnership in Africa that will develop its great unopened resources, not for the profit of individual business men, but for the joint benefit of the people of this country and of the backward area itself. This is not "disguised imperialism"; it is the problem which the U.S.S.R. claims to have solved with political and economic success in Central Asia. It is the most urgent problem for Western Socialists to solve.

Finally, to meet Stalin's challenge we must face the possibility that he really desires an armistice in Korea, a settlement in Germany, and an easing of world tension. We cannot now expect any genuine co-operation between East and West. It is equally excluded by Washington and Moscow, but there may be a chance of a horse-trading deal. The West has one trump card; Russia fears war, in particular German rearmament, and China fears that her programme of reconstruction will be interrupted by invasion if the United States continues the policy of supporting the Kuomintang rump in Formosa. Once these military cards are played by the West, it is hard to see what can prevent World War or what bargaining cards remain in our hands Preparation for Four Power talks should include exploring the possibility of a neutralised Germany, guaranteed by the signatures of the Four Powers and by garrisons outside her frontiers. It should also include an agenda for general settlement in the Pacific. The argument about prisoners of war in Korea has reached an impasse. The only solution is to admit that Korea is part of a whole Far Eastern situation which cannot be settled unless America follows Britain in facing realities, recognising the Communist government in China, and agreeing that, as part of a general settlement, Formosa (as Mr. Acheson correctly put it) must be returned to China without "legal quibbling." We can see no other prospect of an armistice in Korea or of preventing an extension of the war by the Chinese in South-East Asia and by the Americans through blockade and organised parachute and guerilla fighting on the Chinese mainland. Such a military truce is a necessary background for a serious effort to build a Western world in which people may continue to believe in progress through their own institutions and are still prepared to fight for freedom. Let us remember that such an agreement, even if only an agreement to disagree, may be more possible now than it was a few months ago, because Eisenhower will be less open to accusations of appeasing the Communists, and might even be applauded for a tough deal with a rival Corporation.

Can We Cut Commitments?

WHAT overseas commitments could the next Labour Government cut? This question has assumed a new and special urgency now that the Party's National Executive has got down to the job of preparing what Douglas Jay has described in these columns as a *Plan for Survival*. In his article Mr. Jay rightly stated that a plan to bridge the dollar gap must be based (i) on the strictest economy in imports, especially from the dollar area, and (ii) on large-scale capital investment in steel and engineering, in order to increase our exports. Mr. Jay suggested that a Labour Government should set as its target the expansion of output of engineering products by about 40 per cent., so that the industry can increase its annual exports by some £600 m. This sounds—and is—a gigantic task; but it is also the minimum requirement for survival. Mr. Jay assumes that this plan could be carried out without any change in our Defence policy. Is this really true? Surely the lesson of the collapse of the £4,700 m. Defence programme is that, if the next Labour Government is really to increase capital investment and maintain the export drive, it can only do so at the cost of Defence.

Defence, in fact, provides a triple obstacle to bridging the dollar gap. In the first place, the expenditure of £650 m. annually on military equipment means that a large segment of our engineering and machine tool industry is engaged on non-productive work. In the second place,

National Service removes our younger workers for two years out of industry. In the third place, overseas military commitments, manned largely by National Service men, immobilise a vast amount of shipping (at present there are never less than 25,000 men in the pipeline to and from overseas stations). They also add about £120 m., payable largely in dollars, to the trade gap. To this huge outlay, well over £100 m. may have to be added if and when we become liable for that part of the cost of our troops in Germany at present paid by the Germans in occupation costs.

Socialists too often assume that all we have to do in order to remedy this state of affairs is to cut the arms budget and reduce the term of military service. This, of course, is a sheer delusion. The arms and the men are required to fulfil specific obligations. Nothing could be worse than a cut in the manpower and equipment available to the Chiefs of Staff which left the commitments imposed on them by Government policy at their present level. The fact is that, as a consequence of the war, Britain has been vastly over-committed since 1945.

Mr. Churchill's latest cut in the arms programme has widened still farther the gap between our actual military commitments and our actual military resources. Rearmament has been justified as a method of enabling us to negotiate from strength. But military strength must surely mean having *sufficient* forces to fulfil our commitments. By this definition our defence policy has made us not stronger but weaker. With ten divisions overseas, we are so over-extended that we have no strategic reserve. In the effort to fulfil commitments, we have nearly ruined ourselves economically without achieving effective military strength.

The conclusion is clear. If a Labour Government is to carry out Mr. Jay's *Plan for Survival*, we must reduce our overseas military commitments to the level where they can be adequately manned with the forces available. How can that be done? Let us first list these commitments and allocate the ten divisions now serving overseas among the various theatres. The word "division" has become increasingly misleading lately, and I am using it only to indicate very roughly the proportionate distribution of troops and equipment—or what the War Office calls "the divisional slice."

Western Europe (including Germany and Trieste). Nearly five divisions, three of them armoured.

Far East. Korea, one brigade group as part of the Commonwealth Division; Malaya, about two divisions, including some Colonial troops.

Middle East (including Suez, Cyprus, Libya, Jordan, Iraq, Sudan). The equivalent of three divisions.

Other small Commonwealth garrisons. The equivalent of one division.

A glance at this list indicates the three revolutionary changes since 1939.

(1) For the first time in history we are now maintaining a large standing army in Europe. British troops in Germany are the best trained and the best equipped of all the Nato forces. From a strategic point of view they can be regarded as serving in a home station, but economically they are in the dollar area. Moreover, if they are to fulfil their function of deterring Russian aggression, they cannot be moved outside the Nato area and are therefore immobilised from the point of view of Commonwealth garrison duty.

(2) Before the war the Indian Army provided the strategic reserve which could be rapidly moved either to the Middle East or to the Southern Pacific. Whenever there was trouble in Persia, for instance, we would move an Indian unit to Basra. In the absence of any contribution by the Dominions—none of which have even introduced National Service, with the exception of Australia and New Zealand, which have a 14-week term—this burden now falls exclusively on Britain.

(3) The Middle Eastern commitment has also changed radically. Before the war it was necessary in order to protect the "lifeline of Empire." Now, in strictly military terms, Suez has ceased to have this significance in Commonwealth strategy. If the Suez base is required, it is for a new strategic purpose—to supply the forward base in Greece and Turkey, and Iraq.

There is another ancillary justification of our Middle Eastern commitment which is often given. It is often argued that the withdrawal of British forces would destroy British prestige in the area and thereby jeopardise the control of oil supplies. How little use troops actually were in protecting oil or in maintaining our prestige was disclosed when Mossadeq nationalised Anglo-Iranian. But it is certainly true that, if British troops were suddenly withdrawn without replacement, this would strengthen neutralist and nationalist tendencies among the Arabs, and probably lead to explosions in Iraq and Saudi Arabia similar to those in Persia. Yet neither the Middle Eastern oil nor the Suez base are purely British interests. The whole Western world, in particular the Americans and the French, are concerned with them. What should be a common military burden of all the Nato nations is being borne exclusively by Britain.

Even this cursory survey of our military commitments shows how limited is the possible "cut" open to the next Labour Government. Military commitments are the result of political policies or specific agreements. They cannot be reduced without contracting out of these agreements or modifying the policies on which they are based. It is merely silly, for instance, to talk of "cutting" either the Korean or the Malayan commitment, unless we are prepared to withdraw from the U.N. and give up Malaya to the Communists. If we are not prepared to do so, and if the present "containment" policy is pursued, the Chiefs of Staff may well have to face large new commitments in Asia, in addition to Korea and Malaya. So too, the Kenya situation suggests that the next Labour Government may well find that one division will not suffice for our fourth category, "Other small Commonwealth garrisons." Under existing policies our military commitments in Africa, as well as Asia, are bound to increase in the next five years.

How can this be avoided? In this article I am concerned not with foreign policy but with the strategy which flows from it. A drastic change in foreign policy might make a reduction of military commitments possible. But for the purposes of my argument I shall assume, as Mr. Jay assumed, that the next Labour Government accepts its obligations under the Atlantic Pact and as a member of the Commonwealth. Even so, something could be achieved. In the first place we could make clear to the Dominions that they must shoulder more of the load. The only effective way of reducing military commitments in the Pacific area, for instance, would be to accept the *fait accompli* of A.N.Z.U.S. (from which Britain has been roughly excluded) and to draw the conclusion that in this area the primary military responsibilities of Commonwealth defence must devolve on Australia and New Zealand. As for Africa, I believe that, as part of a deliberate policy of Africanisation, the building up of indigenous African forces (for instance, in the Gold Coast and Nigeria) should be seriously considered. Though the initial outlay would be expensive, this policy will in the long run save British manpower, and its political implications as a pledge of a genuine desire for African self-government will be wholly advantageous.

But all this leaves the problem of the Middle East and Europe untouched. Here seven British divisions and a large air force are already committed. Whether we take the two theatres separately or as a whole (the latter method is fairer now that Greece and Turkey are part of Nato), no reasonable person can doubt that Britain is bearing a heavier military burden than any other member of the Atlantic Pact. Merely in order to prevent an enormous increase of dollar expenditure, it will be necessary either to withdraw two divisions from Germany when occupation costs are no longer recoverable, or alternatively reduce our contribution to Nato sea and air defence by an equivalent amount. But this will merely keep our commitments at their present level of roughly £120 m. a year. To reduce them substantially enough to make way for the proposed capital investment programme demands something much more drastic. What that something should be I propose to discuss in a further article.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

London Diary

THE timing of Mr. Churchill's visit to Washington seems to have taken America by surprise. Of course they are always glad to see so old a friend, but why come before he is invited? The answer, I take it, is something like this. The Prime Minister has been anxious to see Eisenhower ever since he was elected. He wants to talk at the formative stage, before other "untoward" influences have got to work on the new Administration. He feels, I am sure, as he did during the war, that everything depends on the two chief Anglo-Saxon Executives working in harmony. That depends on personal understanding. There is a wide field to survey. There are the results of the Commonwealth Conference and preparations to make for the coming visit of Mr. Butler to Washington. Dangerous rumours are afloat about Eisenhower's intention to embark on new offensives against China; the Premier cannot look forward to explaining to Labour critics in the Commons—or to the country as a whole—that Britain is committed to an extension of the war in the Far East without having been consulted. Finally, Mr. Churchill has advocated talks with Stalin. Big decisions cannot wait. Mr. Churchill does not doubt that Eisenhower will want freely to discuss policy with him as he did during the war; and if the leaders of the Republican Party, some of whom are exceedingly anti-British, are less keen on Britain having a say in world policy, then surely the best idea is to go before they have dug themselves in, before tempers are frayed, and while everyone is enjoying the splendid parties that attend a Presidential Inauguration. For, Mr. Churchill, in need of a winter holiday anyway, it is the precise moment for combining business with pleasure.

* * *

When Alan Nunn May was discharged from prison the authorities did their best for him. They smuggled him out—even providing a decoy to draw off the waiting newspaper men. He may have given away atom secrets, but he had served his sentence and gained his three years' remission for good behaviour, and they saw no reason why he should be persecuted. The press, however, did. Newspapers were prepared to hound him and to harry him and to leave him no place to hide. Nor were they content with that; they

pilloried his relatives as well. On Sunday, December 21, the *Sunday Pictorial* told how its representative had tracked down a "wealthy relative" who was prepared to receive him. The reporter quoted what he was told at the house: "If it leaks out that he is staying here our offer may have to be withdrawn." At least the *Pictorial* had the decency not to identify the relative or the home. Not so *Reynold's News*. On the same day it named the house, the village and the relative. It disclosed that the relative had changed his family name and it identified his business. On December 22, the *Daily Graphic* went further and quoted in full the *London Gazette* of three months ago in which a relative and his wife announced their change of name. The *News Chronicle*, on the 27th, also involved Nunn May's relatives and repeated the announcement in the *Gazette*. An uncle issued a statement denying newspaper reports that he had any knowledge of Nunn May's intentions or movements. What code of morals or public interest demands that newspapers should thus punish and persecute the innocent members of a discharged prisoner's family?

* * *

The applause which greeted Jack Longland's criticism of the McCarran Act, during last week's "Any Questions?" shows what most of us feel about the extension of the witch-hunt to British and other foreign seamen. Just as the attempt to prevent Charlie Chaplin from returning to the States made the U.S. Attorney-General the laughing-stock of Europe, so this foolish and unnecessary screening has angered all sorts of people who have scarcely heard or cared about McCarthy and McCarran, or the State Department and Owen Lattimore. Nobody can take seriously the argument that such screening will keep out spies or subversive "couriers." Such men are certain to have the most respectable story to tell the over-worked immigration officials. In any case, spies are not caught by clumsy and noisily proclaimed laws. They are caught by counter-espionage, which works best where it has least publicity. The McCarran Act—of which the screening of seamen is only a tiny part—is the product of hysteria. It was fear lest their anti-Communist valour be suspect that stampeded the Senators and Congressmen into passing it over President Truman's veto, not any belief that it was wise or sensible. American immigration laws and procedure have long needed reform. But this Act has simply changed them for the worse by dropping what one American has called "McCarran's Red Tape Curtain" around the U.S.

* * *

Not to be outdone by Senator McCarran's success in catching the headlines, Senator McCarthy has weighed in with a promise to tackle "the awfully unpleasant task" of routing out "Communist thinkers" from American universities. This was expected. Now that the Republicans are to control the State Department, Othello's occupation's gone, and he must scout round for a new means to keep his scurrilous patriotism in the public eye. It may seem astonishing at this distance that McCarthy can deceive anyone. Yet the revealing letter which the *Manchester Guardian* published this week from an apparently responsible American newspaperman shows that McCarthy has not lost his grip on the public. To this correspondent, Mr. Milne of the Washington *Times-Herald*, McCarthy is "a great young American legislator." I cannot hope to summarise, let alone correct, his misconceptions about the United Nations, or to answer his childish defence of the witch-hunt among U.N. employees. I can merely recommend his letter as an example of what, in the Age of McCarthy, passes for profound thought and clear argument among too many Americans. It is easy to imagine what short shrift any "Communist thinkers"—or for that matter thinkers of any kind—will receive at the hands of men who clearly are convinced that even the *Manchester Guardian* has "dangerous thoughts."

* * *

As a member of the Dutch Reformed Church and a Fundamentalist, Dr. Malan, the South African Premier, must presumably believe that in 4004 B.C. God created the Universe in six days. He seems, however, to have muddled his Biblical chronology by putting an Air Force 'plane at the disposal of a professor to bring back proof from Madagascar that life existed at least fifty million years before that. Indeed the coelacanth which has been recovered as a contemporary specimen of a prehistoric fish, belongs to a group which dates back 200,000,000 years. Dr. Malan, who withdrew Government funds from the work on the South African remains which showed the evolution of Man from the Ape, probably consoles himself that this fish can neither be Adam nor Eve. Appropriately enough, this prehistoric survival has been called Malania Anjouanae.

* * *

The following extract from Section 4 of the Irish Government's Agricultural Wages (Minimum Rate) Order, 1951, reaches me from Dublin:

> The minimum rates of wages in respect of each wages district specified in the first column of the First Schedule hereto shall be the rates set out in the first part of the Schedule or Schedules mentioned in the fourth column of the said First Schedule opposite to the mention in such first column of such wages district, and in the application of such rates to such wages district, the following provisions shall have effect. . . ."

* * *

The Sunday press of December 21 was full of Yuletide cheer. A correspondent of mine analysed the headlines of *Reynolds News*:—

MOTHER BEGS SCARFACE SON, GIVE YOURSELF UP.
102 DIE IN WORLD'S WORST PLANE CRASH.
COSH MEN GRAB £500 IN RAID.
TRIPLE IDENTITY MAN BAFFLED U.S. ARMY.
ONE SIAMESE TWIN IS NEAR DEATH.
EVEREST ATTEMPT NO. 2 FAILS.
35 ARE TRAPPED INSIDE MOUNTAIN.
LONDON WIFE FIGHTS GIRL INTRUDER.
GALE SWEEPS CHANNEL AT 60 M.P.H.
CHEAPEST BUS FARE WILL BE 3D. IF BOARD WIN.
GUNMAN IN SHOP RAID.
MR. JUSTICE AVORY WEARING THE BLACK CAP.
A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO OUR READERS.

The same to you and many of them! CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

During the course of the year, as a result of much research work, our Assistant Editor, Mr. P. W. Montague-Smith, was able to produce a family tree which showed that H.M. The Queen has common ancestry with Shakespeare.—Preface to *Debrett's Peerage*, 1952. (John Occleve.)

Asked what his true beliefs were, one gypsy in the Hampshire hop-fields last summer said: "I don't believe in God, but I believes in the Blessed Lord because I've seen His photo."—*The Times*. (A. B. Osters.)

"I am all for developing the Empire, but my own humble opinion is that England should come first," said Major A. Allhusan (chairman of North Devon Water Board and chairman of Devon County Council Sewerage Committee) in opening Winkleigh's £22,575 sewerage scheme on Saturday. —*Launceston Post*. (F. E. Leese.)

ANNUS MEMORABILIS

Ring out, wild bells, with notes of cheer,
Ring out the days of dole and dearth;
Ring in the greatest show on earth,
The Coronation year is here.

Bright gleams in the encircling gloom
The larger economic hope,
And shopkeepers prepare to cope
With England's Coronation boom.

From every corner of the map
Sightseers will throng this sceptred isle,
The cities decked in royal style,
A Coronation tourist trap.

And as upon the thirsty sod
Rain falls from heaven in balmy rills,
So will refreshing dollar bills
Be showered from the tourist's wad.

With deep thanksgiving all salute
This timely and august event,
Particularly those who rent
Windows along the Royal route.

They hold it true, whate'er befall,
The laws of Providence ordain
That unrestricted private gain
Somehow subserves the good of all.

Ring out, wild bells, with joyful din,
All rooms are booked, all seats are sold,
The streets will soon be paved with gold,
So ring the Coronation in.

SAGITTARIUS

Dockers and Docks

A CASUAL visitor to the docks, taking off an afternoon to enjoy the chief romance of our island story, may be liable to think that the docker spoils the picture. Among these brave masts and funnels, foreign flags and hooting sirens and quays piled high with strange-stinking merchandise, the docker remains an unvarnished and unvarnishable son of toil. Even the most romantic, most respectable and chauffeur-driven visitor will be unable to see him without remembering that some are born to labour while others, it would seem, are not. He is there, and he is toiling: on the Thames-side quays that open all the way from Gallions Reach to the Upper Pool, shouldering sacks as long as a man, erupting from hatches and holds with dust and dirt stuccoed to his face and hands and clothes; seizing bananas in great laden stalks as they float along conveyor belts at Avonmouth; delving into dark holes in ships tied up on Merseyside; dangling great hooks along the Clyde, bawling his own kind of language from quay to quay and ship to ship, sinking all too necessary pint of bitter when he knocks off (often enough at seven in the evening), and crowding finally into trams and trains which carry him away in a multitude, coughing and smoking and laying down the dockers' law.

But the casual visitor sees only the barest surface of the docker's life. In another and more interesting sense, the docker is a figure of genuine romance. He has his mysteries. It is one of the nicest comments on casual labour in Britain that the docker, by tradition and repute the most "casual" of workers, should have evolved for his own protection a system of privilege and custom which is rigidly and universally binding on all who labour at dockside cargoes. True enough, anyone can become a docker who gains access to the Register: but the mere becoming a docker is only the beginning of things. There lie ahead many years of gaining "seniority" so that in the end, when you have proved your worth, you will

belong to a main-hold gang and may, up to a point, choose your cargoes with advantage to yourself. *Trouble in the Docks*—the words are almost a refrain in the story of industrial strife: yet many of these troubles have come from attempts by employers or authority to break through this unwritten code of rule and custom.

When trouble does occur in the docks—another point in the docker's admirable romance—it breaks with brutal and complete decision. The dockers of Britain can be proud of their tradition of solidarity: here is one more of the stray proofs, strewn about our industrial system, that human nature has stayed better than it should be. Through decades of employment under conditions of merciless competition with one another, the dockers have learnt not to cut each others' throats but to shield each others' throats. Once a ship is declared "black" you will get no self-respecting docker to work it: once one section of dockers declares a strike, you are almost certain to have a stoppage throughout their dockside region and even—as the Canadian seamen's strike showed once again in 1949, just as the "Jolly George" had shown it nearly thirty years earlier—in other regions as well. Employers and employers' newspapers may spume and splutter of "subversion," of "illegality," and all the rest of it: the dockers do not live on their nerves, and all this passes over them, as far as one can see, like the proverbial water on a duck's back. They have, through fair weather and foul, a stern and even fanatical understanding that unity is strength.

In the nature of things, this makes the proper regulation of dockside labour a delicate and difficult affair. Other countries might muddle through: Britain cannot afford to do that. Let the docks stop work for a week or so, and Britain goes hungry, factories stop, banks become alarmed. So it is not surprising that dockside labour should be handled with a thoughtful care. Government has long since recognised that the dockers' chief objective—to "decasualise" their calling, to substitute regular for irregular employment—must be accepted if the docks are to have peace. This recognition has come after long years of non-recognition: so that most contemporary problems of dockside labour derive from the legacy of an evil and thoughtless past.

Dockers' "decasualisation" became finally effective during the second world war (and it is in wartime, for obvious reasons, that the dockers' bargaining power is strongest); but new order was established in the industry in 1947 by the foundation of the National Dock Labour Board. The duties of the Board are to care for the interests of the whole labour force, to maintain an adequate supply of dockers and stevedores and other port workers, and to see that unemployed workers who can "prove attendance" are paid a weekly substitute for wages.

No unemployed docker to-day need go to the Labour Exchange and seek alternative employment or the dole: he knows that if he signs on eleven times a week (twice a day for five days, irksomely enough, and once on Saturdays) he will receive from the Board the sum of five shillings for each "attendance" (for each occasion, in other words, that he offers himself for work), and that after he has signed on the full eleven times this sum will be raised automatically to £4 8s. for the week. If he were employed he might earn between £6 and £10 according to the nature and hours of his work: as it is, unwillingly unemployed, he cannot earn less than £4 8s for "full attendance" or five shillings for each individual "attendance." Both sides of the industry seem substantially agreed that this system has proved itself, in all the circumstances, sensible.

But the scheme was framed for times of reasonable prosperity, for full or almost full employment. Everyone knows that the industry needs a slight permanent surplus of dock labour, not for the evil old purpose of threatening with unemployment but because dock labour is necessarily in fluctuating demand. A "speedy turnround of shipping" calls for a flexible labour force; and this is the reason why employers do not now complain (or complain with any conviction) at having to pay the cost of upkeep—admittedly on a low standard—of a few unemployed dock workers every week. Nor will you find that the dockers complain: knowing their work, they say that actual employment—as distinct from pay—cannot be altogether regular.

With the startling exception of 1949, when other factors intervened, the dock labour scheme of 1947 has worked well. There was a steady expansion of the Register of employed dockers all through the good trading year of 1951, so that by December the Register had risen to the rare height of 82,000 men. Then came recession in 1952, when the Board began to make efforts to reduce the Register. Since May, 1952, the Board has operated a freeze on recruitment; and the Register has by now run down through "wastage"—a combination of many factors, from death to dismissal for pilferage—to about 77,000, more or less where it stood in 1949.

But now the difficulties begin again. Such as it is, the recession continues: some think it will continue for a long time to come. Already, this winter, there is a weekly average of about 15,000 dock workers who are "proving attendance"—who are offering themselves for work and receiving none, and are thus being paid the guaranteed £4 8s. a week. Levied on port employers, of whom there are many hundreds in the British Isles, this attendance money has gradually risen in relative size until by early 1952 it was as much as 16 per cent. of the week's total wages bill. By November 1 it had risen to 22½ per cent.: if it goes beyond 25 per cent. the Board will have to consult the Minister of Labour, and the issue will become once more a matter for governmental regulation. This was the reason why the Board introduced some weeks ago a scheme for voluntary release from the industry, enabling dockers to seek work in other trades while retaining, for the next two years, their right to an eventual return to the docks. For two years, that is, the industry will hold their names on a "dormant register" and may call them back at any time. They need not answer this call during these two years: but at the end of 1954 they must either answer it or be struck off the Register. The details need not concern us here: for the moment, response to the scheme has been negligible, the men's main objection being that they are not permitted to come back to the docks of their own volition, if they find other work, but must await the industry's call.

It is in any case important not to overstate the measure of the problem. A force of 15,000 idle dockers may sound a lot: yet the permanently unemployed among them will not be more than a few hundreds, while the composition of the remainder changes from week to week. Even a small revival of trade can alter the whole picture. On Merseyside, for instance, I found all sides of the industry agreed that their "real surplus" of men is probably, at the moment, little more than one thousand out of about 17,000. There is absolutely no case, it seems, for believing that the Register is anywhere much too large, or that—barring a big economic crisis—many men should leave the industry.

But the situation calls attention to other and more permanent features of the dockland problem. In 1947 the average age of dock workers was 47: to-day it is a fraction over 45. At some ports it is probably as high as 50. There are more men over 75 on the Register than there are men under 20; and the biggest age group is in the 40 to 45s. If Merseyside, for example, could pension off its over 65s it could more than eliminate its present "real surplus."

Middle age on the docks does not spell inefficiency. "A young man's got to be taught," said one old hand on Merseyside: "there's lots of knacks on the docks. Why, you can do more with a bar an' chip, down in the hold, than with all your strong men." Even advanced age does not necessarily spell inefficiency, for a man of 75 will do certain jobs—though the number is apparently rather small—just as well as a younger man. But the question of age does raise, as another old hand remarked, a moral issue. If a man does dock work for many years—and dock work is hard work and dirty work and work in all weathers—hasn't he the right to retire when he's 70, or even 65?

This in turn raises the whole question of dockside status. It raises the question of a pension for men over 65 or 70. The aged docker will spit on his hand and look you squarely in the eye and ask you whether you want him to retire on the old age pension—when he can still earn two or three times as much. The employer, asked about a special pension for aged dockers, will point to the size of the "attendance money" levy and the existence of a national pension scheme, and ask you in his turn whether you want him to bear *another* burden?

None the less, wise heads on both sides of the industry are coming round to the view that the corollary of the Register—of "decasualisation"—is an appropriately established pension for all aged workers. And there are several reasons for this. One is that the average age of dockers—in spite of a relatively heavy entry of dockers' sons into their fathers' well-loved industry—cannot otherwise be brought down. A second is that there is no other way of regulating dockside labour without periodical disorder—other than to go all the way from the old casual status to a fully established craft status. The price will fall on everyone, but it is the price of an efficient and satisfied dockside service, a service this country cannot do without. And it may be noted, as a sidelight on our present problem in the docks, that in 1951 the number of dock workers over 65 was 3,389 (daily workers), compared with a "real surplus" this month that is probably not much more than double this figure.

The full "decasualisation" embodied in a special pension scheme—possibly, as some argue, with a period of apprenticeship at the other end of life (Thames lightermen, for instance, generally serve an apprenticeship of at least five years)—would not solve all the problems of dockland. The attitudes of employers under casual labour conditions in the past have begot correspondingly tough attitudes among the men. The smooth flexibility and quick response which a thoroughly efficient labour force in the docks would require will never be possible, I have heard it said, until the call comes not from private enterprise but from national necessity. A truly nationalised docks industry might ask and receive of dock workers many things that the employers and the Board will ask in vain. Yet it must be added that nationalisation of the docks, believed by many in the docks to be one of the essential tasks of the future, will also be one of the more difficult and complex tasks. For the moment, no doubt, one would do well to rest content with lesser aims.

BASIL DAVIDSON

Sixteen Mill.

FIFTEEN years ago, the addict to foreign films and revivals belonged to the *avant-garde*; even in London, where a few specialist cinemas catered to this taste, it was often difficult to track down a particular or unusual film, and anyone who lived in the provinces was fortunate indeed to come across anything out of the ordinary. To-day, it is hard to keep up with the flood of imported features and revivals that an increasing number of cinemas find it commercially profitable to exhibit. There has been a striking revolution in film taste—the conversion of South Bank's Telecinema into a permanent repertory theatre for experimental and "classic" films is one sign of this—which is beginning to affect even those strongholds of movie conservatism, the circuit cinemas. Before the war, the manager of any large neighbourhood theatre would have recoiled in horror from the suggestion that he show a French feature; it has now been discovered that it is possible to show something as bizarre as *Rashomon* without disastrous effects on the box-office. Certainly, millions still prefer Gable and Grable. But there are enough "converts" to justify an occasional departure from Hollywood routine, and scores of thousands more are ready to accept such innovations without protesting by walk-out or absence.

This is a striking cultural change. Some of the credit for it must go to the work of the Ministry of Information, and its ancillary bodies, which accustomed people to seeing wartime films that were different, and to seeing them under different conditions—in church halls, canteens, schools and military camps. They created, if you like, a "non-theatrical" audience. But much of the credit must also go to film societies, which have spread rapidly across the country since the war, using the sixteen millimetre film as the main weapon of this cultural revolution.

Before 1945, there were only a few such societies. There are now more than four hundred, from Jersey to the Shetlands. Some of them are attached to other organisations—universities, community centres, religious groups, co-operative societies and even municipalities and Service units. Some of them are purely eclectic in their choice of programme, picking "classics" and foreign films by ballot among their members, while others tie their programme to lecture and study courses, taking the work of a particular star or director, or illustrating a special theme, such as development of the comic, or historical or documentary film.

The reasons for concentration upon 16mm. are simple—though some film societies meet on Sundays in cinemas that are equipped and licensed for standard 35mm showings. First, the safety and other legal regulations are less restrictive. Next, it is economically possible to put on 16mm performances for quite small audiences. One renting firm that specialises in this kind of work charges about six pounds for a feature film and a short for a single performance, and about ten pounds if a projector and operator are also provided. Thirdly, many of the more unusual and older films are available only in 16mm versions—a fact which is leading several of the commercial theatres which specialise in this sort of film to install 16mm equipment. Lastly, a 16mm projector can show the old silent films at the proper speed—16 frames per second—whereas 35mm machines run at 24 frames per second, and thus produce the St. Vitus Dance effect.

A new technical development is likely to strengthen the claims of 16mm. When a foreign language film is imported, the bookings which it may receive may be insufficient to justify the expense of "dubbing" into English, or even of adding English sub-titles. It is now possible to add a magnetic strip to the sound track on which music and speech can be recorded as cheaply as on a tape-recorder. This addition will not destroy the original sound, but a simple adjustment will allow projectors to pick up either one or the other. (This device, incidentally, now brings sound-tracks within the budget of amateur film makers.)

So long as films are shown only to members of societies and their guests, they escape the jurisdiction of the local licensing authorities, as this does not constitute "public exhibition." As the early history of the Manchester and Salford Society shows—it has recently celebrated its 21st birthday—this right had to be established against the resistance of local watch committees. In Salford, for instance, it was the Soviet film *Storm Over Asia* which was the cause of the trouble; its exhibition led to the prosecution of a cinema manager and then, to escape the restrictions imposed upon 35mm showings, to the Society's use of 16mm, then in its infancy.

There can now be no doubt that the Film Society Movement is here to stay—it already has its own national Federations for Scotland, and for England and Wales—and that it is not merely supplementing our normal diet of commercial features, but is also creating a new and growing appetite for better films. Recently, a Society of Film Teachers has been formed, with its own journal, which is facing the problems raised by the use of films as an educational instrument, and by the obvious need to treat film appreciation as seriously as appreciation of literature or music.

There already exist, in the British Film Institute, which is responsible for the Telecinema programmes, and in the Merseyside Film Institute, two centres with their libraries and projection facilities, which can offer something like "post-graduate" facilities. There is clearly a need for more Institutes of this kind—one, at least for Scotland, and another, say, in Birmingham, for the Midlands—if we are to keep abreast of the cinema's development as a means of education and enlightenment, as well as entertainment. Sixteen millimetre has launched the revolution. The task now is to consolidate its gains.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

Extracalendrical

I MUST confess that, during the years of supposed youthful curiosity, and indeed up to the present, I never wondered why the calendar is different every year. The arrangement, which enabled me to substitute calendars for Christmas presents, seemed a good one, as it doubtless seems also to the calendar manufacturers. The other day, however, I was brought up short by a pamphlet issued by the World Calendar Association, which asked me bluntly whether I threw my watch away every morning. Having conceded that I do not, I was led to examine the case for a calendar which would be the same year after year.

The human race, it appears, has in its time invented nearly a hundred different calendars, of which a dozen are still in use in India alone. The present calendar is just as arbitrary and changeable as the rule of the road or the number of pence in a shilling. In fact, since no time-handling devices save calendars are manufactured, and calendars are renewed each year anyway, they could be changed far more easily and cheaply than the coinage, the Fahrenheit thermometer, or the system of weights and measures.

The Julian calendar is really a pretty good and accurate one; it must be, since it has governed the greater part of the civilised world ever since it was promulgated by Julius Cæsar. The Gregorian calendar, which has spread gradually round the world from France in 1582 to Turkey in 1927, and which caused so much fuss when it was adopted in England just two hundred years ago, was not really a new calendar, but a re-adjustment made necessary by Julius Cæsar having got his leap years not quite right. However, the Julian-Gregorian system is far from perfect, and indeed every calendar has its faults. Astronomers make this perfectly clear by disdaining all calendars and simply letting the days run on from January 1, 4713 B.C., the last date on which the main calendars of history coincided. This system, fortunately, is in purely professional use, and nobody is in danger of being asked to lunch by an astronomer on Day two million six hundred thousand and something.

The trouble with the present calendar, from the point of view of convenience, is that the year has 365 days, or 366 in leap year. This figure has nothing to recommend it, beyond the fact that it does measure the time taken by the earth to go round the sun. It cannot be divided into equal quarters or even (except in leap year) into half. It cannot be divided into seven-day weeks. Even the months are of unequal length, though here matters were made worse by the Emperor Augustus who, in order to have thirty-one days in his month, took a day away from Februarius.

As things stand, then, Christmas sometimes falls conveniently near the weekend and sometimes maddeningly in midweek. Monday's child has his birthday one year on Thursday and the next on Friday. School terms begin on a different date each year; the 1951 autumn term may have 61 teaching days, that of 1952 may have 64 and demand a revised syllabus. American elections are not always held on November 4, but on the Tuesday after the first Monday in November. The University of London announces its matriculation exam. for "the Tuesday within the period May 26 to June 4 inclusive." And we read those infuriating statistics which tell us that, though Britain produced more coal in April than in March, the rate of production really fell because April, this year, had more working days than March.

For all this muddle there is a simple remedy—to have a year with only 364 days. This gives you 91 days to each quarter. The quarter can be divided into a month of 31 days (January, April, July, October) and two months each of 30 days. This ensures that every month has 26 week days. The great thing, however, is that the year will have exactly 52 weeks, and so holidays, birthdays, meetings, and the like can be made to fall on the same day of the week as well as the same date every year. The year can begin on a Sunday, and Christmas will always be a Monday. That, in summary, is the proposed World Calendar.

Of course, as we cannot make the earth go round the sun in 364 days, there must be a day over. The World Calendar faces this problem blithely, admitting that the day is surplus, buckshee, extracalendrical, and sticking it on at the end of the year, between the last day of December and the first of January, without giving it a date or a day of the week at all. It is just a day—but a rather special one, a holiday pertaining to no national or religious commemoration, and therefore to be called World's Day, International Peace Day, or something like that. In leap year there would be another World's Day, this time after the end of June.

The idea of a 364-day year was first suggested in 1835 by an Italian, the Abbé Mastrofini, and

taken up by Comte, who proposed a year of thirteen equal months on a lunar basis. These two proposals—that outlined above and the thirteen-month year—have been rivals up to the present day, but now the World Calendar clearly holds the field, and all but the most irreconcilable thirteen-monthers agree that their calendar has little chance; its change is too radical for general acceptance, there is the factor of superstition, and the logical objection that a thirteen-month year would have no quarters. The first calendar reform Bill came before the House of Commons in 1908, but it was between the wars that the project seemed to be nearest success. The League of Nations called a conference and won the approval of fourteen nations; in this country, the T.U.C. and the F.B.I. were among many supporting bodies. As a matter of fact, it is hard to see how anyone could oppose the World Calendar, and indeed active opposition is confined to certain sabbatarians, who claim that World's Day would disturb the sequence of Sundays; but no major Church seems worried by the prospect of God and Man resting on different days. Some people, of course, would lose their birthdays, but they are hardly likely to form a Resistance movement.

The World Calendar Association—headquarters in New York, branches in many countries, one just formed here to revive the disintegrated pre-war organisation—embarks every five or six years on a spirited campaign. Confidence yields gradually to doubt, then to disillusion, and to a resigned postponement of the day of triumph. The reason for this cycle is that the new calendar could be introduced most smoothly at the start of a year which begins on a Sunday anyway. The next target year is 1956, and this time there is a real chance of success, with several nations pledged to the cause and hoping to raise it at the U.N. General Assembly.

While I wish the World Calendar Association all good luck, I am not sure that it is going about its work in the most promising way. The enemy, of course, is apathy, and this will not be dispelled by pedestrian, calculating propaganda. As any politician will admit, you do not popularise a scheme by stressing its neatness and logic, but by claiming to open a new era, to liberate mankind from a burden of care. I do not like the argument, well-meant though it clearly is, that the new calendar could be introduced so smoothly that it would hardly be noticed. That is likely to make people feel that something is being put over on them by a set of clever dicks—just what the rioters of 1752 felt as they yelled for their eleven days. Nor will any mass enthusiasm be generated by an explanation of the benefits accruing to such untypical, and unexciting, classes as statisticians, accountants, lawyers, and the men who work out Pay-as-you-earn. Who cares, frankly, whether such people's work is made easier or not? No, no; Garrison did not preach the abolition of slavery by promising to simplify the work of Southern auctioneers.

It seems to me that the key to popularity for the World Calendar is World's Day. The new Leap Year Day, falling at the end of June, is good too. Nobody wants any more February; we want to get into March; but an extra summer day is a gracious gift. The annual World's Day, however, is the real winner. It was already an excellent idea to start the year on a Sunday. Many a Scot, who has dragged himself with throbbing head to his London office, would be thankful for this alone. But gratitude will change to enthusiasm when that Scot learns that the year is to end with an extracalendrical day—a nimble carefree day, a sprite of a day, a dateless day whereon no bills may mature and no rent may fall due. And of course it is not only Scots who will gather at those extracalendrical parties promised us by the brainwave of the genial Abbé Mastrofini. There will be no trouble with the Lord's Day Observance Society, for World's Day will not be a Sunday so much as a gloriously prolonged Saturday night. The whole proposal, if properly put across, has a superb appeal. There is a Rabelaisian grandeur of spirit about this cosmopolitan binge, these thirty-six hours of revelry resounding from pole to pole.

I was about to write that the extracalendrical party will dwarf anything yet seen on earth, when, consulting my brief history of the calendar, I found that under the Ptolemies the Egyptian year had 360 days. The five extracalendrical days, or six in leap year, were taken all together at the end. That must have been really something.

MERVYN JONES

Prejudiced

THE driver of the British Road Services lorry was a massive, rolling man with dark hair and red eyebrows. He seemed to regard his job for us as a kind of holiday; not, that is, to loaf, but to carry on the work with a high-spirited good humour which at times degenerated into levity.

"What's the load?" he asked. I told him it was pig-dung, and he said if he'd known he'd have brought his Eau de Cologne. "It's all right," I said, "it's composted. Two years old," and added that the place was ten miles away, which pleased him; for, as he explained, stooping to pull up a groundsel seedling from the rosebed with an air of absent-minded reproach, his usual work kept him to the main roads.

"Very nice, these country lanes," he said. He put his uniform cap on well forward, with an obvious comedy touch, and asked: "Who does the shovellin'?"

"The man there, and me," I said.

"Always lend a hand," he assured me and "Believe me, chum, I'd rather it was pig-dung, stink and all, than coal. Coal's a job I can't take to."

We drove away, the empty lorry bouncing and rattling, brushing both sides of the narrowest lanes. The driver remarked on the forwardness of the barley, but thought the farmer whose land we were passing had been late getting his potatoes in.

"You a countryman?" I said. He turned and winked. "Them's me two set pieces," he said, with disarming candour. "Don't know oats from beet. Born in Kentish Town. I used to come down with me old people, for the 'oppin', and got to like it. Married a local girl."

For the rest of the journey he whistled *Greensleeves* above the uproar of the lorry. He admired my friend's house when we got there backed up to the dung-heap in the yard, then jumped down and looked at it. He touched his cap to my friend, but called him chum. "Powerful lot of pigs you must 'ave, chum," he said and, 'Don't need no blooming laxative neither, be the look of it."

My friend agreed; he said he had a hundred pigs. The driver strolled over to the nearest sty and stood smiling with pleasure at the score or more of weaners which rushed squealing and grunting to the wall in endearing greed. "Comic little beggars," he remarked, and, expanding, "Not as pigs is animals I know much about, except fried crisp with a couple of eggs, as you might say." The enormous sow in the next sty

January

Having pocket-money of their own to spend helps to give children a sense of its value. It is only natural, too, that in later years they should learn how useful an account at the Midland Bank can be.

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turned her head, half opened one eye, then slept again.

"All right for some, eh?" the driver said, and led the way back towards the work. As we crossed the yard, we passed an isolation sty where a well-grown store pig resided alone, for observation. It stood and stared at us in an aggressive and rather disagreeable manner, and with an exasperating air of self-satisfaction. Then it turned its back on us. "Like old Winston, isn't he?" the driver said. That was mere propaganda: the pig's face bore no resemblance to Mr. Churchill's; if anything it looked like General de Gaulle, and I said so.

"You was lookin' at the wrong end, chum," the driver said, and walked over to the dung-heap. I caught myself casting another quick look at the hindquarters of the pig, as I took up my fork: on the whole, I still thought the driver's remark prejudiced. He worked, however, with all the zest of a man on holiday; his "lending a hand" turned out to be setting the pace with a long-handled dung-fork which he handled as if it were a fixed bayonet. He had no rubber boots and got a good deal of the material into his shoes, at which, my friend showing some concern, he said it would make his hair grow. I called a breather when we had loaded about three tons, and we rolled and lit cigarettes.

"Good old stand-easy, eh?" the driver said.

"Navy?" I asked.

"Mine sweepers. Bit different from this."

"Anyway," I said—he was the sort of man who would catch on—"a man can't help his face."

"'Andsome is as 'andsome does. Man of 'is age ought to know better! Muckin' us about! Seventy-eight, ain't he? I put it to you . . . take the wife's father, seventy-four last birthday . . . screwy, if you ask me. Not that I grudge the old begger 'is bed and board, but crochety! Seen 'im twist the cat's tail for sittin' in 'is easy-chair. Like a spiteful kid, see? Stands to reason."

"Men have been at the height of their powers at eighty," I said. He shook his head. "Don't you believe it, chum. Three score years and ten, it says, and after that . . ." he jerked a dirty thumb down at the dung-heap.

"So it's his age you've got against Churchill?"

"Naow! That on'y makes 'im worse. Take this denationalisation caper . . . sheer spite. I know, I been driving trucks since thirty-six, barring the war; I know a well-run depot when I see one. It's been a good thing, this nationalisation. On'y thing . . . too many chaps in the office, I grant you. But we're on the job, see, get the work done, get the money in. And it's a big thing . . . somethin' to belong to, like. . . ." His explanations fell away into incoherence, but yet his meaning was clear. It would hardly be too much to say that he was conscious of importance in a service to the community out of which no entrepreneur was making a profit.

We finished loading the lorry in good time, the driver setting a pace that left me winded, and with aching shoulders, for the stuff was heavy and we had had to close the sides of the truck, and pitch up nearly six feet. When we had finished, my friend's wife called from the back door that there was a cup of tea for us. The driver was scrupulous about wiping his feet before going into the kitchen. "Nice place you got here, 'm," he said, and raising his cup, "Tea," he said, "wot a blessing, eh 'm? Been unrationed be now, shouldn't wonder, if we'd 'ad old Attlee back."

"You'd better be careful," I said, "Mr. and Mrs. Smith are Conservatives."

My friend Smith, with the diffidence of the overbred, who must deprecate their own opinions, said: "Oh well, habit you know."

"It's one you want to fight against, chum," the driver said, and, with a quick grin at Mrs. Smith, "No offence."

"I don't know that the others could have done any better," she said.

"Couldn't a done much worse, 'm, come to that. Way I look at it, they got in be a common fraud, like. You or me, we'd a been sent to prison, shouldn't wonder. Not blaming you, of course . . ." he was all magnanimity . . . "daresay you was taken in, like the rest. Why, my missis voted for 'em! 'It's all very well for you to go on about 'ow your old father was unemployed for twelve years,' she says, 'but I got the cost o' livin' to think about.' Cost of livin'! Gone through the ruddy roof it 'as, an' a lot *they* done to stop it, I don't think. Lord bloomin' Woolton and 'is red meat! Anybody'd think we was a lot o' tigers!" He wiped his mouth on the back of his hand, putting down his cup with a nod of thanks to our hostess.

Smith felt the reproach; he said, "Well, it wasn't only that, you know. In fact. . . ."

"Look," I said, "I want to get that load home."

"That's right," the driver said, leading the move to the door, "wastin' this lady's time. Know what it is, 'ousework an' all." Outside, as we got into the cab of the lorry, the driver and I caught each other looking for the store pig. We both laughed.

"De Gaulle," I said, "to the life!"

"Ah and 'e's another . . ." the driver began, but what, I felt sure, was to be his stricture on the General was lost in the noise as we ground our way out of the yard in low gear.

EDWARD HYAMS

The Arts and Entertainment

BRITTEN CONSIDERED

No living composer has been more successful than Benjamin Britten in solving the problem of complexity, about which I was writing last week. Utterly modern in outlook, untempted by the charms of pastiche, he is free from the usual modern inhibitions to a degree which delights some listeners as much as it seems to scandalise others. There is a bold simplicity in his nature, at any rate in his musical nature, which cuts clean through the jungle of modern tonality; he makes straight for the point, not by the most obvious route, but by the most direct. He differs, I should say, from most modern composers in being so utterly, simply and almost transparently musical. Hindemith, for example, knows everything and can manage anything from a five-finger exercise to a tragic opera; but there is something relentless and didactic in the sheer comprehensiveness of his musical faculty: he does not easily relax. Stravinsky has shown throughout his long career an invention as various and fertile as that of Picasso; but a disconcertingly wooden quality, a lack of flesh and blood, obtrudes itself in his later work.

When we turn from such masters to the music of Britten, what strikes us at once is the verve and spontaneity, the bright fancy and exuberance. The sap of music runs through his whole being. The smallest twig is permeated with it; indeed, a quick way to convince the dubious is to point to small things, such as his settings of folk songs or of the tunes in *The Beggar's Opera*. To these anyone with a spark of music in him must respond. Look at *The Ash Grove* from the first volume of British Folk Songs, with its descant so cunningly and lovingly handled that the passing touch of polytonality in the second verse does not spoil, but only enhances, the plain beauty of the tune. Or look at "O Polly, you might have toyed and kissed." What could be more simple, and what more moving, than the four bars of "till ready," in which the opening notes of the tune are hummed by the strings in thirds and in contrary motion, and then, after a pause, inverted? Once heard, never forgotten. The same intensely vivid aural imagination can be felt throughout his large-scale works. He responds in a flash to verbal or visual suggestion, instantly inventing a stylised equivalent (never a dull, literal imitation) of the poet's idea. Remember, at the opening of the *Spring Symphony*, how the vibraphone shivers in the wintry cold, and how the numbness and rawness of the sound are stealthily thawed until, at last, the song of the cuckoo peals out, all improbably yet with triumphant rightness, on three trumpets. The musical invention here is as fresh as the Elizabethan poetry which it clothes; and the harmony, though by no means simple, explains itself at once to the whole audience.

These are some of the delights of which I have been reminded by the appearance of a handsomely produced volume* of multiple authorship, a detailed guide to the productions of the composer's first 39 years. Since my own part in the book is very slight, I hope it will not be thought improper of me to discuss it here. One of its many virtues is a lavish use of music type. There are over 300 examples, and these, apart from their illustrative and intrinsic value, make nonsense of the still current myth that Britten has no strongly personal style. From almost every one there shines out a quality best defined, perhaps, by the composer's own description of Purcell: a "mixture of clarity, brilliance, tenderness and strangeness." The book is subtitled "A Commentary on his works from a group of specialists," and I confess that I am a little bothered by that word "specialists." "In an age of narrowing specialisation," writes George Malcolm in his chapter on the *Dido and Aeneas* edition, "it was indeed exhilarating to watch a man who could successfully grapple with the *whole* of a musical job-of-work—as in the great days of Purcell himself, before it became customary to parcel everything out among a committee of 'experts.'" And there, in effect, he states the most serious objection against this useful and valuable book. We get many chapters that are sound and interesting, one or two that are illuminating or profound, and others that offer little more than a technical analysis; but nowhere do we get a rounded view of the whole musician; even the introductory and closing chapters from the two editors do not quite supply this lack. The best contribution comes from Peter Pears, whose chapter on the Vocal Music is filled with perceptive comment, and who delights me by calling the Quarles Canticle Britten's "finest piece of vocal music to date" (would he not now place the second Canticle, *Abraham and Isaac*, beside it?). Imogen Holst, writing on "Britten and the Young," shows that she understands the central importance of this element in the composer's imaginative world. Hans Redlich is rather dry on the magical choral works, and Paul Hamburger severely analytical on the Chamber Music; but he and Hans Keller, between them, do justice to the Second String Quartet, the most important and beautiful of Britten's abstract compositions. Keller boldly reprints his famous comparison of the musical personalities of Britten and Mozart, which is not so foolish as it seems to those hasty readers who assume that "like" means the same as "equal."

The book is weakest where it should be strongest—in the discussion of the operas. The various authors have many good incidental things to say; but with curious unanimity they refrain from discussing the operas as musico-dramatic entities. In the course of three papers on *Peter Grimes* the names of Crabbe and Montagu Slater are mentioned only once, without comment. You would never guess from the tone of these chapters that, for Britten as for other com-

* *Benjamin Britten*. Edited by DONALD MITCHELL and HANS KELLER. *Rockliff*. 30s.

posers, the libretto problem has been the crux of the whole business of opera-writing. Of course, there is no evidence that Britten himself is aware of the amateurishness of some of the texts which he has set. Himself the most professional and exacting of musicians, with an unusually fine taste in the selection of verse, he has been too ready to accept muddled psychology, ineffective stagecraft and pretentious sham-poetry from his collaborators. The number of these, and their increasing literary (if not theatrical) distinction, indicate, perhaps, a dissatisfaction which he is too loyal to admit, even to himself.

The trouble is that there are no professional librettists in England, or perhaps, now, anywhere. In France, however, there is not the same fatal divorce between literature and the stage; and it is tempting to fancy what librettos Britten might have had from Colette or Giraudoux, Cocteau or Anouilh. A clumsy libretto not only kills the practical prospects of an opera; it prevents a composer from releasing the flood of music which is in him. In *Grimes*, exceptionally, the pent-up emotion of the exiled and suddenly home-sick composer so filled the successive episodes with music that it has been fairly easy to ignore the psychological weakness in the plot. Never since then has the tide of Britten's dramatic lyricism been allowed to rise quite so high; not even in *Lucretia*. He has all the powers needed to produce the long-awaited opera masterpieces of our time. All he wants is a subject of universal interest, and a text so well fashioned that he can pour music into it as freely as he has poured it into the *Spring Symphony* and the two Canticles.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

MR. GIELGUD'S COLTS

THE first thing to be said about the *Richard II*, which opens Mr. John Gielgud's season at the Lyric, Hammersmith, is that, as Richard, Mr. Paul Scofield succeeds in holding the wonderful glittering centre of the play with a certain control and a touching pathos. The long *scena*, which begins with the king's return from Ireland and ends with his deposition, provides one of the most sustained passages of lyric intensity in the English repertory. When it is successfully brought off by the actor playing Richard, we are carried right into the very heart of that other dimension which dramatic poetry alone can achieve. Mr. Scofield led us there, and that is the finally important thing in *Richard II*; indeed in the last analysis it is for such experiences that we go to the theatre.

I must confess to being delightedly surprised by Mr. Scofield. He is an actor whose gifts I have long admired but whose use of them I have often criticised. The magnetic presence, the assured address, the low vibrant voice—these endowments, I have felt, he has generally maltreated, exploiting them for altogether too easy effect. His range of voice has now a little widened, under Mr. Gielgud's tuition doubtless, but it is still narrow. It moves between an angry rasp and a die-away understatement which he is inclined to rely too much on as an effect. There is little—altogether too little—variety of intonation and inflexion; and in the same way his command of gesture is very limited. On a larger stage these limitations might be fatal; at the Lyric, Hammersmith, they can be made to tell. In the first act he seemed to be making little of the character, but when his moment came after the interval, he took it with great simplicity and feeling, and carried it right through. The long speeches—arias one might almost call them—were admirably phrased and clearly enunciated so that, quite simply, they allowed the passion of the poetry to do its own work. I hope it doesn't sound ungenerous to say that Mr. Scofield succeeds by a narrow margin. But it is a fact that his mannerisms are dreadfully parodyable and that they carry him, even here, perilously near the danger point. But to judge from this performance and his previous one in *The River Line*, he is at last beginning to bring them under control. Perhaps in the past he has suffered, as so many actors are bound to suffer in our haphazard theatre, from lack of the kind of direction which actors need, continuous direction from a producer who knows about acting.

Many of the other young actors in Mr. Gielgud's cast will benefit from this, too. For, in presenting his season at the Lyric, Hammersmith, Mr. Gielgud is, I take it, announcing to us that we must not have quite such high expectations as we would have if he had taken, say, the Haymarket. This is a junior company, a sort of Colts' Team, containing many names that one has noticed at the tail end of recent programmes at Stratford and the Old Vic. Not one of them falls below a good level of competence. But on the other hand, it must be admitted that none of them add the particular edge and sharpness and weight which, if it is there in the supporting roles, gives body and finish to a production as a whole. Mr. Eric Porter, if he hasn't yet quite the necessary dignity and carriage, makes a sturdy and stocky Bolingbroke, and in the admirably produced deposition scene his icy monosyllables and cold silence were extremely effective. Mr. Richard Wordsworth made the difficult role of the dithering York important by convincing us of the reality and force of his dilemma, while Mr. Herbert Lomas ground out Gaunt's dying prophecies with great effect. Noticeable for promise among the minor roles were Mr. Basil Henson, Mr. David Dodimead and Mr. John Bennett. The speaking throughout was excellent.

The disappointment of the evening for me was the decor of Mr. Loudon Sainthill whose previous work I have much admired. Granted the ingenuity of the construction which transformed itself readily enough from interior into exterior, from palace to prison, from garden to court; granted, too, a pretty taste in colours. But this seemed to me a typical example of a present tendency in stage decoration, prettification for prettification's sake without due regard for appropriateness.

T. C. WORSLEY

SOME CHRISTMAS SHOWS

THE old-fashioned "rose-pink and properties" tradition of pantomime seems, alas, to have gone for good. Though the policeman with the string of sausages still lingers on in Bootle and Bridlington, he will soon be as dead as Great Pan. Meanwhile, a pleasing novelty is again the keynote of the Christmas season. A typical example is *The Muffin Show* at the Vaudeville (matinées only). This is a safe bet for the six-to-ten-year-olds. Annette Mills produces her popular TV characters with faultless charm, the humour of the appropriate age group and the assurance which comes from knowing that her young audience already expect exactly what they are going to get and would be deeply resentful of sophisticated innovations. If the attendant adults find her a bit too much for comfort (rather like Miss Gingold 'doing" a nice Mama at a children's party in Wimbledon), they can find genuine satisfaction in the skilled and imaginative work of the Hogarth Puppet Theatre, which makes up the rest of the programme.

Mr. Littler's helping of the pantomime cake (*Jack and Jill*, at the Casino), is prettily sugared, though it would sag towards the middle but for the strenuous efforts of Michael Bentine. The tunes are thin, the book fluffy. But the show—surely the most demure London has offered children for many years—is pleasing to the eye and the proprieties, and the individual turns are fresh and slick. At the Wembley Empire Pool there is the breath-taking *Sleeping Beauty on Ice*. Though the script is flatly written, the spectacle is glittering, lavish and exciting. With a real choreographer and a real playwright, what wonderful results could be achieved in this medium! As it is, this show, with its ballet of luminous moths, and tremendous tournament of resplendent knights, hissing and spinning, "all shod with steel, imitative of the chace and woodland pleasures," is first-rate entertainment. Barbara Wyatt, as Fairy Lovelight (Pepita's Lilac Fairy), has an engaging ice-personality.

Nicholas Stuart Gray's beautifully written version of *Beauty and the Beast* is now regular Christmas fare. At the Mercury it is extremely well presented with pretty sets, pretty faces, and a convincing cast. Christine Finn makes a captivating boy-dragon, and Jane Griffiths a still, clear-voiced Beauty. An ideal entertainment for all ages, once incidental music more suitable than the Jupiter Symphony has been found. While *The Bewitching Witch*, a leadweight fantasy put on by the Boltons Theatre Club, is not recommended, the "Players" Theatre pantomime (*Babes in the Wood*) is again as good as gold. This year's performance glitters rather less than their *Beauty and the Beast* or *Ali Baba*, but the solid basis of punning is as preposterous as ever, the acting universally sprightly, and several of the singers, notably Mr. Ian Wallace, of excellent quality. Daphne Anderson and John Hewer are as pretty a pair of babes as ever deserved to be lost in a

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wood. The good tradition of the concluding harlequinade is maintained.

Grimm at the Embassy Theatre (*The Dancing Princesses*) in Francis Dillon's adaptation is charming, if a little diluted. Alwyne Whatsley is admirable as Sergeant Tom Dickon; Laurence Payne's direction is swift and skilful; and the princesses both sing and dance delightfully. The hardy annuals include *Peter Pan* at the Scala. Here youthful critics opine that the true traditions are rightly preserved. James Donald is an admirably full-blooded Captain Hook, and Brenda Bruce a lively and agreeably boyish Peter Pan. If she has not perhaps the impish charm of some of her inter-war predecessors, that must be taken as the captious view of an elderly critic.

Christmas Magic (The Fortune) is a generous feast of the good old tricks and illusions, presented by "Murray." Have we seen most of them before—those mysterious cabinets, the locked trunks from which exits are so miraculous, the levitated lady? Happily, the younger members of the audience find them all fresh and intriguing, particularly, perhaps, the intrepid Mr. Mascar who escapes from a churn brim-full of water, sealed with a lid, and doubly enclosed in steel chest and cage. For neatness, high praise to Mr. Stanley Watson's conjuring.

Connoisseurs of Victorian entertainment should visit *The Murder of Maria Marten*, at the Arts. Here a talented company almost succeeds in playing folk tragedy with a straight face. The sets—to the last smoking chimney and rampaging locomotive—are the right blend of the period and the ludicrous. The songs are delightfully chosen and sung, and the audience enjoys the evening as much as the performers.

RADIO NOTES

After several austere weeks the Christmas period has been rich and various, shaking, even, the obstinate theory that Occasional programmes are designed for other people, only nobody is quite sure who they are. Even a critic who selected an eyrie in a quiet place like Central London, and refused to be foiled by the baffling format that the *Radio Times* adopts for festive occasions, would have had hard work to avoid missing something of interest. *Scrapbook for* 1902 (on Sunday), whose pages Freddy Grisewood turned with unfailing gentlemanly charm, was notable chiefly for its servants' hall view of the social scene (perhaps this was intentional) and for illustrating so precisely the horrible feature habit of following up every narrative statement with a dramatic vignette. "It all began when the composer was having breakfast with his wife. 'Edward! You'll upset the coffee! Where are you going to now?'" To compose *Land of Hope and Glory*, as it happened. The real-life characters—an early telephonist, for instance—spoke with no such banality: it was a pleasure to hear them. On Monday evening there was an excellent Home Service production of Christopher Fry's *The Firstborn*, and an ambitious but rather chaotic feature, *Tittivulus*, by Michael Ayrton, about a demon who collected musical, literary and conversational clichés—a good idea, when it was possible to follow it.

Tuesday, we had not only the Colette-Ravel one-act opera *L'Enfant et les Sortilèges*, but the delightful *Joueur de Flute* (which won for France the Italia prize of 1952), a musical invention based on the Pied Piper story for orchestra and children's voices. The music had wit; the words were brilliantly clear. I hope it will be presented again and at an hour when children might officially be out of bed. The musical version of *The Hunting of the Snark*, on the same evening, was less successful. An elaborate musical setting destroys the point of many of the lines while giving too much emphasis and "expression" to what should be read, even silently, at a consistent level. But this applies to many an English poem set to music.

Christmas Eve. Rodney Ackland's stagey little play *Trial and Error*, tinselly and hollow like a cracker with nothing inside, was a warning to writers of the perils of trying to toss off a determinedly seasonal piece to fit an expensive and well-known cast. An effervescent edition of *In All Directions* gave its usual Ustinov-impresssion of fresh innocence in a cynical world; *A Tour of the Lifemanship Correspondence College* (why is this always a Third Programme privilege?) opened the cynical world to the innocents. The long *Christmas Oratorio* by W. H. Auden and Matyas Seiber was hard to take very seriously; sophisticated in a dated sort of way, it continually sounded like a satire on its author. Disappointing, this. And all the way from Tokyo same (to the Third) a remarkably venomous one-sided slanging match of a talk on *The Far Eastern Situation*, by Robert Guillain of *Le Monde*.

The Round Britain programme for Christmas morning was not only brilliantly managed, but often exhilarating and pleasant; yet, like the afternoon Round the World tour which heralded the Queen's fresh and youthful broadcast, it was not without its barbs of ill-will. There was, for instance, the usual glib lad who had "escaped from behind the Iron Curtain"—in this case Poland (from what? and why?), unwittingly reminding us, however, that not so many years ago there was no Warsaw left for boys to leave and enter so casually. I preferred Margaret the lighthouse-keeper's daughter, prettily singing her carol to other keepers on the special lighthouse wavelength; Jeanne Altwegg, the skater, now working at Pestalozzi; or the crippled and blinded Greek boy who had found so happy a home in Wales. If there were space left I would speak of the King's College Carol Service, of Francis Dillon's glittering Cinderella play, in which the bad fairy gets the poor girl to the ball while the good one only recommends patience; of the delightful Grigson-Fisher programme on *The Robin*; of Philip Hope-Wallace who, wearing his holly with a difference, quoted the utterances of a particularly suave and sympathetic Scrooge before telling his own heartless anecdote; of Angus Wilson's sad and clever story in *New Soundings* or the virtuosity of Mr. Gilbert Harding; of Lady Vischer's elegant and nourishing talk on food, and Carleton Hobbs' readings from Mikhail Prishvin's beautiful book *The Lake and the Woods*—stories which crackled with the very spirit of winter. And much is still left for another time.

Naomi Lewis

THE MOVIES

"The Bijou," at the National Film Theatre
"Hans Christian Andersen," at the Carlton
"The Man Who Watched the Trains Go By," at the Gaumont

For the season—until January 14—the National Film Theatre becomes The Bijou, with a Christmas, 1915, programme. Domestically, it has not been found possible to effect a change; but announcements, advertisements, programmes, orchestra and, of course, the films themselves, are all in key. With Topical Events we are landed at once outside Buckingham Palace, where Mrs. Pankhurst has just been arrested, and Christmas in the trenches gives way to the grimmer scenes of a honeymoon couple across the Atlantic preparing to take off in a balloon; John Bunny, old and retiring, comes back with a minor role in *The Lovesick Maidens of Cuddleton* (how big hats are, and bottoms!); *Passions of Men* (Drama) brings us the first instalment of General Lord Talbot with designs on a captain's fiancée, which can only be thwarted by knotted sheets at the window and a midnight dive off the boathouse—all ending for the moment wet and well; *A Day in the Life of a Ricksha Boy* looks in perhaps on the Sudan; then the Devil threatens in two guises, first as Kaiser Bill, cartooned with eagles, sausages, howitzers, and Louvain, and second in Big Drama, *The Road to Ruin*, where gambling and drink almost undo the portliest old youth who ever, even in fiction, was guided through the rapids of Oxford by the notes of the song mother taught; and with a sober glimpse into the manufacture of Christmas crackers. Interest is not neglected. We have enjoyed a bit of everything, or at least we are dull dogs if we haven't. The audience finds moments to hiss or clap, moments (offered by mother's song) for joining in; and a touch of style about the acting in *Passions of Men* appeals no less than the insistent self-parody of *The Road to Ruin*, based by the way on a series of pictures by Frith. Artless kinematography! The temptation of Mr. Arthur Dulay, whose piano leads the mercurial accompaniment, must have been to guy the more outrageous scenes that flicker over his head. He has resisted it. All those funny, pretty, rilling, footstepping little passages one never seems to meet elsewhere come of old habit: for long he played the part in earnest at that home of classics, the Shaftesbury Avenue Pavilion.

This Christmas programme, by the way, is open to the public on Saturdays from 12 noon to 10.30 p.m., and to members and associates on the first four evenings of every week at 6.15 and 8.30.

Hans Christian Andersen is a Goldwyn musical, and as musicals go, I suppose, not bad; but in fact it's impossible to dissociate from the subject it's pegged to. I believe that Andersen did once say that his life had been a fairy tale. Not *this* fairy tale, however; in which a cobbler writes a ballet for a ballerina in Copenhagen and, finding she's still in love with her husband, returns to his village to cobble and spin yarns all day. The Andersen stories become for the most part chirpy little songs. Danny Kaye plugs them with a straight face. But if ever there was a face that should go crooked, it is Danny Kaye's. His Andersen is about as lifelike as would be Harpo Marx's Lewis Carroll.

The Man Who Watched the Trains Go By also pretty well ruins its original. The chess-playing little clerk, hurtled by an absconding boss into

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a freedom that begins with sex and travel and ends with murder and madness, has been robbed of all his psychological tension. Why choose a first-rate story in order to re-plot it miserably? Only the haunting theme of the title remains to suggest that not E. Phillip Oppenheim but Simenon is the author behind this incurably tame English thriller. WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Sculpture by Peter L. Peri

Peri, who has been working in this country for over twenty years, is one of our most neglected sculptors. In this show at the Coffee House, Northumberland Avenue, one can see about 60 small concrete figures—mostly of urban "types" in everyday poses—and about 40 engravings, including six most suitable and imaginative illustrations to *Gulliver's Travels*. But it is impossible from these—apart from the tough life-size head of *Mr. Wilson the Coachman*—to get much idea of the force of Peri's best large-scale work. This drawback, which perhaps explains the uncouthness of his failures, and certainly his lack of commercial success, is that his talent is utterly inelegant. He has absolutely no sense of the visual equivalent of the *bon mot*; but, instead, an emphatic obstinacy: an obstinacy which prevents his abandoning unsuitable ideas and also, on some occasions, appears to prevent him getting far enough back from his work to adjust proportions. But equally it is this obstinacy which has made it possible for him to work so undeviatingly, and which nourishes his rare determination to discover some dignified method of interpreting everyday life without tidying it up or knocking the awkward corners off it. His use of the rough, obviously contemporary medium of concrete helps in this aim. And when he succeeds, as in the coachman's portrait, the studies of a Quaker meeting, the sunbathing group, the two figures of girls drying their backs, the impact is unusually and strangely humbling: without any form of pose or artifice, reminiscent of the scrappy but very true faces of ordinary people praying, unaware that they are being watched. J. B.

Correspondence

PRAGUE PURGE

SIR,—What terrifies me in Mr. Gallacher's letter is the assumption that execution is the proper punishment for political error or difference of opinion. Let us examine what its application would have meant to the Communist Party of Great Britain. In September, 1939, Harry Pollitt and J. R. Campbell maintained that, despite the Nazi-Soviet pact, the C.P.G.B. should support the war against Hitler. They were overruled, and subsequently recanted abjectly in the *Daily Worker*. By voicing the sentiments of a very large number of party members, Pollitt and Campbell were guilty of "wrecking and sabotage" against the party at one of the most critical moments of its history. A speedy death sentence and executions would have settled the doubts of waverers more quickly and would therefore have been justifiable—supposing the party had been in power.

Unfortunately, in 1945 Stalin himself conceded that the "War on Two Fronts" line advocated by Pollitt and Campbell had been in fact the correct one.

So it would have been discovered that Palme Dutt and his followers had been the actual wreckers and saboteurs, and they in their turn would have been for the high jump, with the assassination of those two Marxist martyrs, Pollitt and Campbell, added to the crimes of sabotaging the party and the anti-Fascist war.

The terrifying thing is that all these accused would have been capable of testifying against themselves, so selfless is their loyalty to the party even in its most senseless and brutal errors.

I would recall to Mr. Gallacher the words of the only successful English revolutionary, Oliver Cromwell. "My brethren, by the bowels of Christ I beseech you, bethink you that you may be mistaken!"

ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL

SIR,—I quite understand Willie Gallacher's difficulty. It is so much easier for him to invent a series of failings and proceed to castigate me for them. So much easier to ask "What sort of Communist is this man?" and proceed to describe the kind of man (and Communist) that I am not. For it is an uncomfortable truth that I have both privately and publicly been associated with nearly all the subjects of protest that he enumerates. I *have* sent my telegrams and letters to press and embassy on Greek, Spanish, U.S., and other challenges to human rights and civil liberties. I am a founder member of the Musicians' Organisation for Peace; I would, but for circumstances of work, probably have attended the recent Vienna Congress as its delegate, and continue actively in its support.

My isolation from my comrades did not result from "our" (Party) culture failing to come up to *my* standards, but from my unwillingness to accept as *Holy Writ* the ignorant Zhdanovist pronouncements on music.

I did not "rush into print" but, even on Gallacher's showing, took more than two years before finally and painfully deciding to break with the Party.

As I have written to another comrade who reproached me for not "sliding out gracefully," my reasons for not doing so were precisely the need to act positively in circumstances where the Party and the Left-wing movement would be my main witnesses. I felt that the time had come to state the misgivings at the sequence of events which so many of us had been feeling, and to indicate that, short of proof positive, we could no longer accept the origin of the evidence as proof of its authenticity. In other words, we were now requiring, not a line to be handed out to us, but a justification of a series of apparently Nazi-style procedures. I felt that the Party would lose nothing by my dissidence if it could prove me wrong *in fact*.

The resultant press interviews—not one of which did I solicit—arose entirely as a consequence of the *Daily Worker*'s suppression both of my letter and the news of my resignation.

My "tender soul" is clearly black now that it is no longer red enough, but it has led me into channels of protest, not merely unchosen but *unavailable* to Gorky. Incidentally, a subsequent (very friendly) interview with Harry Pollitt found him unable to convince me "with little trouble."

My resignation was made not "in the name of culture," but in the name of all those humanitarian instincts which led me to join the Communist Party. It should not be assumed—and *will* not be, excepting by the most noisy—that my defection represents a "desertion" of all previously valued causes.

Gallacher uses the damaging description "I'm getting out." Out where? Into the Tory ranks, into the outstretched arms of Koestler, into the shelter of the kindly "Free Europe" movement?

Can the C.P. no longer face the possibility of *genuine* disagreement, and is it always to sink to the level of its Chairman's totally unfounded and disreputable personal attack?

Can we no longer work for peace and social justice excepting in the ranks of the Communist Party?

BENJAMIN FRANKEL

SIR,—Mr. Gallacher might care to know why one reader of his letter is unmoved by his patent brand of indignation. He execrates "the erstwhile friends of the Nazis who could look philosophically on the torture of millions of innocent people". But during the last war he himself advocated in a pamphlet (which I have before me) peace by negotiation with Germany. Nowhere in this pamphlet of his would one gather that the Germany of that time was Hitlerite, and the negotiated peace was recommended with a wonderfully philosophical blind eye to the Nazis' "torture of millions of innocent people".

W. B. TAVENER

DRUGS FOR CHINA

SIR,—Last July the China National Import-Export Corporation placed an order in London for £500 000 worth of sulpha-drugs and antibiotics, particularly streptomycin, with the information that this was the first instalment of a total amounting during the year to £2,000,000. Not only was there no shortage of these drugs in this country, but manufacturers were experiencing difficulty in finding foreign markets for them. The Board of Trade, however, refused the requisite export licences on the grounds that the drugs were within the category of "strategic exports"—although penicillin, streptomycin or sulpha-drugs cannot be classified in any of the categories of chemicals listed in the Board of Trade Embargo on Exports to China (*B.O.T. Journal*, June 23). It has since been learnt that German, Italian and French manufacturers are prepared to supply these drugs, and evidence has been obtained that German firms can get permission to export them from the Bonn Government.

Although the influence on our export trade is certainly serious, the ethics of this decision is of overriding importance; how can this ban on the export of drugs which cannot be converted into weapons of war and which are urgently needed for the treatment of disease in the civil population be justified? The withholding of streptomycin is particularly repugnant since it is used almost exclusively in the treatment of tuberculosis and it is estimated that there are 40,000,000 cases of active infection among the civil population of China.

In reply to questions from many M.P.'s, the Secretary for Overseas Trade has stated in Parliament (December 16) that the export of streptomycin "is not prohibited, but it is limited to normal civil requirements." It is difficult to accept this explanation, since no licences have, in fact, been given and the civil requirement in China is immense. By what standard of previous demand can the requirements of a new remedy for a country making its first concerted attack on this disease be gauged?

It may be possible to state a case for an embargo on the export of drugs or of information relating to advances in treatment during a state of war, though the medical ethic of service to mankind as a whole makes this contention unacceptable to many of us. This country is, however, not at war with the Chinese people, and the deliberate attempt to withhold a drug recognised to be specific for certain particularly fatal forms of tuberculosis is thinly disguised mass murder.

DOUGLAS MCCLEAN

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POLITICAL TESTS

SIR,—I understand from the press that British sailors putting into American ports are to be subjected to a test for political reliability.

Your readers must be aware that certain opinions are current—nay, are encouraged—in America which are not to the best interests of this country. I therefore suggest that American seamen visiting our ports be invited to subscribe to the following oath: "I, —— —— ——, do hereby swear that I have never, at any time, been associated with any political party entertaining views incompatible with the institution of Monarchical Government."

"LOYAL BRITON"

GERM WARFARE

SIR,—Regarding the Chinese report on Germ Warfare, Critic states in your December 27 issue that he has found a scientist who "is ready with a long list of contradictions, absurdities, and even, he thinks, impossibilities." But, says Critic: "I doubt if they are worth reciting" because "Joseph Needham and his fellow scientists, who signed the report, do not pretend that they have examined the evidence." If by "evidence" is meant the exhibits and testimony of witnesses in the case, they *do* make claim to have examined them. But this is not what is called into question by Critic's scientist, but rather the internal inconsistencies and anomalies in the final report. Therefore it is, after all, relevant to have details of such criticism.

Again, regarding the testimony of the captured American airmen, Critic remarks: "It is also true, if you carefully read the evidence of these airmen rather than the comments of the scientists, that there is no precise evidence." But on page 559 of this report there is a photostat of what is said to be the hand-written testimony of one of these airmen, Lt. F. B. O'Neal. This says: "He [the briefing officer—J. S. M.] handed Lt. Harvey an aerial photo of Sibyon-ni and then said 'You'll be carrying germ bombs. Drop them on the west side of town. . . .'" If this is not precise evidence, then perhaps Critic can explain his use of the term. J. SCOTT MATHESON

[Critic writes: "(1) My point was that Dr. Needham and his colleagues appeared to have failed to take into account the effect of war, revolutionary fervour, anti-American propaganda, and Government encouragement to search for and exterminate noxious insects. They did not, and, in fact, could not, adequately examine the hundreds of testimonies which came in from all parts of the country. That could only have been done by a delegation which included unsusceptible and non-political lawyers who talked and read Chinese.

"(2) Mr. Matheson appears to have overlooked my statement that the airmen "confessed that they had dropped germ bombs." The question is the amount of weight to be attached to their long and often irrelevant statements. I attach some weight to them, but not so much as Mr. Matheson. I recall that in the last war, some prisoners of war on each side were always found willing to testify (sometimes truthfully and sometimes not) against their own side."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

GOLD COAST COCOA

SIR,—Roy Lewis was surely under-stating what the Nkrumah Government has done and is doing about cutting out diseased cocoa trees in the Gold Coast. Cutting out *was* doomed as long as it was carried out (as the peasant saw it) by a British-directed gang of trespassers cutting down his trees without notice, explanation or compensation. When modest compensation was started in 1948 it was too late.

But the Nkrumah Government this year, through the members of Legislative Assembly for cocoa constituencies, has conducted a vigorous educational campaign and to-day, according to letters I have from an African agricultural officer, though the farmers grumble as much as ours do when beasts are slaughtered to check foot-and-mouth, the cutting out campaign is definitely going forward. Sustained over a decade, and supported by vigorous replanting with the new earlier-podding and more prolific Amazon cocoas, there is no doubt that it can save Gold Coast cocoa.

By contrast, Roy Lewis seems to over-state the case for Hanane, whose main constituents (sulphur and phosphorous) command such high prices as will almost certainly make it too expensive ever to serve as the main weapon of defence.

It is, of course, to be hoped that science will find something cheaper than Hanane and socially less difficult than cutting out.

House of Commons. RICHARD ACLAND

HOUSING IN SINGAPORE

SIR,—Your Correspondent is mistaken about the Singapore housing situation. It is a simple truth to-day that there are few places in the world which can boast of having sufficient housing for the people. If your correspondent had travelled elsewhere in Asia, he would be able to confirm the striking impressions of housing development in Singapore felt by journalists visiting here from many lands. There is still a great deal to be done, but Singapore is tackling the problem, and can fairly say it is well ahead of any place in Asia. Your Correspondent states that the Singapore Improvement Trust, which is a Government body, plans to build 1,200 dwelling units in 1953. The correct figure is 4,300, of which 2,100 dwelling units and 22 shops will be completed and 2,200 more dwelling units under constuction, by the end of 1953. All these dwelling units are for lower income groups and they are being built in three programmes costing well over $25,000,000.

I submit a table showing the housing completed by public authorities and private contractors over the past five years. The figures quoted do not include any houses built, or being built, by the Navy, Army or the Air Force, which combined make a separate huge programme aimed at self-sufficiency, nor housing units built by the Government for its own employees.

Completed Houses in Singapore for the general public

Year	*By Public Authorities*	*By Private Builders*	*Total*
1948	1,352	358	1,710
1949	1,262	608	1,870
1950	1,448	855	2,303
1951	1,745	630	2,375
1952	2,500 approx.	1,000 approx.	3,500

In addition, there is now a new factor in Singapore building with the entry of the Colonial Development Corporation. Backed by the C.D.C. one new private enterprise has 100 houses nearing completion, and has big plans for next year.

Government of the Colony of Singapore — F. J. A. SULLIVAN, *Public Relations Secretary.*

ABDUL GHAFFAR KHAN

SIR,—THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION is to be congratulated on its criticism of the continued incarceration of Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan by the Pakistan Government. That incarceration continues after his serving the three years' sentence passed on him in 1948. It should however be stated that this sentence was imposed by a magistrate, a verdict not difficult to secure in a local Court. The Pakistan Government has steadily declined to bring the "Frontier Gandhi" before the High Court, where its charges could be fully gone into.

Abdul Ghaffar Khan has from the first declared his loyalty to Pakistan, and no one who knows him doubts his word. Gandhi, who had an unfailing power of penetration into human character thought highly of him and accepted him as a faithful servant of Truth. "Truth" is the Ghaffar Khan's watchword.

It is time a measure of public opinion was focused on this case, that of an enlightened and courageous leader and one of the outstanding personalities of the East to-day. His greatness constitutes the trouble.

Preston, Lancs. WILFRED WELLOCK

CONTEMPORARIES

SIR,—May I make one comment on Mr. Walter Allen's very interesting comparison between *The Bedside "Guardian"* and *Spectator Harvest*? The former volume, he observes, is more successful than the latter in transmitting the tone of the paper from which it derives. I have no doubt he is right, but the difference, I suggest, is in intention rather than in execution. *Spectator Harvest* was meant, rightly or wrongly (quite possibly wrongly) to constitute a representative selection of the most interesting articles that had appeared in *The Spectator* in the preceding twelve or fifteen months. The selector (incidentally, though it is of no consequence at all, I myself had nothing to do with the selection) worked, and was intended to work, on that principle. The result could hardly fail to be variety rather than unity, the more so since almost all the writers were outside contributors to *The Spectator*; you could hardly hope "to deduce the paper as it is" from Lord Justice Birkett's discussion of hymns and hymn-singing or Neville Cardus's memories of C. B. Fry. In the case of *The Bedside "Guardian"* all the writers mentioned by Mr. Allen were, I think, members of the *Manchester Guardian* staff, a varied, talented and relatively numerous body.

The Spectator, W.C.1. WILSON HARRIS

THE PRICE OF SURVIVAL

SIR,—A solution for the problems raised by the changed age structure of the population will have to form a part of Labour's next election programme. Douglas Jay has emphasised one aspect of the matter, the need for older people to continue in work beyond retirement ages, but more has to be done than a form of bonus pension for those who carry on work.

1. Leisure does not always come as a benefit when one is old and tired. Why not increase the amount of paid holiday during the working period of life? This, with a bonus pension scheme, will reduce the desire for a break with work at 65.
2. One main objection to the old continuing in work is the effect on promotion. The solution here is to remove the social stigma attached to grades of work, and thus to encourage people over retirement age to take on lesser but essential jobs.
3. Suitable sized homes have to be built to suit the limited needs of the aged. More important, the medical services will need a special section to deal with the ailments of old age, which do not usually require the close attention of hospital treatment, but do need greater consideration than we are able to give at present in their own homes.
4. There will need to be considerable alteration in industry to develop part-time work suitable for the over-sixties. ANTHONY WARRINGTON

CHRISTIAN NAMES

SIR, —I wonder how many of the generation now over forty share my strong objection to the over-free use of the christian name that seems to have become widely accepted in certain circles? In letters the use both of christian and surname to writers and others generally known by both names seems to me acceptable, and in any case it seems now to be usual; but I strongly object (let me state it publicly for those whom it may concern) to the use of my christian name by those meeting me, sometimes for the first time, who seem to assume that belonging in some way to the "literary world" entitles them to a certain intimacy with all writers—or who perhaps hope that the appearance of such intimacy will be their passport to the literary world. I speak as a private individual, but I suspect that an unscrupulous use of christian names to those in positions of authority is a deliberate form of social climbing, like the often made claim to "know" someone to whom one has been introduced at a party, and exchanged half a dozen words. Young poets who write to me that "Tom" Eliot has "read their work with interest" always arouse in me the gravest suspicions. I write not as a result of one, but of many such incidents, the most recent being particularly revealing, as the young man in question addressed me by a christian name that I do not possess, so that even his presumed acquaintance with me through my writings could not by any stretch of tolerance be held to entitle him to an intimacy that I reserve for my friends. There must be others for whom, as for myself, the literary world has little to do with private life, and who would be glad to retain at least the privacy of a christian name to be used only by personal friends. KATHLEEN RAINE

CORRECTION

The name of the book reviewed last week as *The British Circus* is *The English Circus*, by Ruth Manning-Sanders, published by Werner Laurie. We regret our error.

Books in General

"Not much of a lesson to be had from conformists" was Gide's comment on Johnson: an amusing, enjoyable character, but no more than a man of letters; how far below Goethe was Johnson, how far above Eckermann was Boswell. The judgment is exact, but what it misses! Johnson's tragic moral force, the drama of his religious faith, with his remorse, his dread and his fear of madness and extinction. In the psychological quarter there are those strange phrases that crop up in the letters to Mrs. Thrale: her "iron dominion," talk of his confinement, his permissions. Johnson carried a prison in his fantasies: manacles, chains, even the lash are its metaphors. The lesson to be had from conformists is in the buried world of dreads that have made them conform. And, in any case, Johnson is not strictly speaking a conformist: he is orthodox—orthodoxy embattled.

Another aspect which eluded the French critic is Johnson's survival as a national figure. Is this the work of Boswell? Did the delinquent son really invent the adored and battering father-substitute? I think not. The sensibility, the conceit, the pertinacity and original genius of Boswell enabled him to perceive what genius alone is able to see: exactly what was there. Other people's view of the Doctor confirms what Boswell wrote. Johnson's extraordinary power of survival depends a good deal on the fact that (like Pepys, in a lesser degree) he is more than a character; he is an archetype. He contains an English wish. The mere "characters" of English literature, men as diverse as Carlyle, Sydney Smith, Cobbett or Butler, even Boswell himself, entertain us because they are cranks and eccentrics and we are not. But Pepys, the successful public servant who is on excellent terms with a not very reputable secret self, who has his cake publicly and eats it privately in a state of innocence, is a comforting reminder of a possibility which has escaped ourselves. And upon the ordinary English reader, Johnson confers the hope of enjoying the authority of downright common sense and the right to witty annoyance. Who has not felt more meritorious after reading Johnson's letter to Lord Chesterfield? The whole of English independence and individuality is in it, that desire of all English rebels and sectarians to be regarded, not as revolutionaries or malcontents, but as the truly orthodox. In his sayings, Johnson is what so many Englishmen admire: a parliament. Now Johnson talks like the government, now like the opposition, and the sum of it all is that he exemplifies the parliamentary ideal of fairness to the experience of everyone, though it be just to the hopes of none.

Johnson's exaltation of common sense expresses the deep English suspicion that the good life depends on what you give up. The touch of brutality in the dogma, that dumbfounding blow from the old bear's paw (which is witty because it is sudden), suggests precisely that the sensible thing has to be paid for in pain. Johnson even conveys that there is pleasure in the pain; even more—the inherited wisdom and piety of the human race. What, for example, could be more parliamentary, fair and commonsensical, than his letter to that obstinate and injured old school friend Mr. Taylor, whose wife had been unable to stand him any longer and had gone off, threatening no one knew what. Johnson worked on the pragmatist's principle: "Let us see things as they are before we complain." He wrote:

> You enquire what the fugitive Lady has in her power. She has, I think, nothing in her power, but to return home and mind her behaviour. To obtain a separate maintenance she must prove either cruelty to her person or infidelity to her bed, and I suppose neither charge can be supported. Nature has given women so much power that the law has very wisely given them very little.

It matters little to the parliamentary sense that, outside, Mrs. Taylor is picketting with a banner saying that Nature has given so much power to men that the law has outrageously given them more.

On one level Johnson's dogmatic wit has been lamentable. It has encouraged a sort of literate Philistinism and leads the man in the train to think that Johnson is exactly what a writer ought to be: a plain, hard-hitting man who cuts all the nonsense out and talks sense with the relish of a flogging judge. There have been a number of Johnsonian figures, but since their pugnacity has lacked his tragic moral force and has been unrelieved by his pathos, they become bores in the long run. In ordinary literary practice, they are unable to compress so much into a sentence as he could; behind that compression is the history of a real affliction of spirit and one can find examples of this, especially in his letters. "Let us trust in the present time and not borrow from hope." Or of old age: "disease corroborating disease."

These phrases I have taken from R. W. Chapman's new and complete edition of Johnson's letters* a work on which he and his assistants have been engaged for the last 30 years. There are three fine volumes and the indexing, cross-indexing and appendices—there is an especially good and appropriate one on the change in English meaning since Johnson's usage—could preoccupy the addict for years. Intended as a supplement to Birkbeck Hill's edition of Boswell, it contains all the known letters—Mr. Chapman makes it 1,500—and Mrs. Thrale's unpublished letters are interpolated. The world of Johnson's letters is a beehive of its own and this is the last word on what goes on there. They fall, as Mr. Chapman says, into three groups: very early letters, which are rare, and which describe the years of struggle; the period of happiness at Streatham, and the illness, melancholy and loneliness of old age.

Johnson is not one of the irresistible letter-writers. We read his letters hardly at all for their own sake, but rather to fill in the half-tones in our picture of his life. He was a sluggish correspondent, often apologising, but the formal manner conveys gravity and consideration. He was an expert on sloth:

> Every man that thinks he is idle condemns himself and has therefore a chance to endeavour amendment, but the busy mortal has often his own commendation, even when his very business is the consequence of Idleness, when he engages himself in trifles only to put the thoughts of more important duties out of his mind, or to gain an excuse to his own heart for omitting them.

That is not talk and it is therefore heavy letter-writing, yet we must notice, in a great many of the letters, the serious love which he gives to his correspondents. The Thrale letters form a very different class. The Latinised style is dropped. Johnson gossips and jokes with a tenderness and eagerness that are delightful and touching. He writes with a lover's pleasure in trifles and a lover's anxiety to please. There are times when he writes to Mrs. Thrale every day. Many authors have turned to writing their love-letters with the skill and vanity of professionals, and reach a degree of conceit which seems far from sincerity. Johnson, on the contrary, is de-Latinised by his affections for women; the professional vanishes; he ceases to be a "character," and the pathos of his loneliness shows through the simple news. Mr. Chapman says he "wrote down" to Mrs. Thrale, but I think what really happened was that she disturbed a lighter spirit in him. This picture of the boredom of provincial conversation is wittier, more concrete and refreshing than the crushing apothegms he normally uttered. Mrs. Thrale, in her restless, fluttering, perky, hostess-y way made him aware of the silly thread of life:

> Here things go wrong. They have cut down another tree, but they do not yet grow very rich. I enquired of my Barber about another Barber. That Barber says he is dead and his son left off, to turn Maltster. Maltsters, I believe, do not get much money. The price of Barley, and the King's duty are known, and their profit is never suffered to rise high—But there is often a rise upon stock—There may be a fall—Very Seldom. There are those in this town that have not a farthing less this year than fifty pounds by the rise upon Stock. Did you think there had been left a city in England where the gain of fifty pounds in a year would be mentioned with emphasis?

Does one come to any new conclusions about the Streatham entanglement? Surely Johnson was the innocent and possessive parasite, fed and bewitched by the sight of what he thought was the central requirement of human goodness and felicity: a happy marriage. With that marriage he was in love—with the marriage itself and also with the idea of it. He was jealous of Piozzi because Piozzi robbed him of his idea, not of the person of Mrs. Thrale. How he loved the idea can be seen by his comical behaviour as the executor of Thrale's will when he announced that it was not a mere question of vats and brewing, but of undreamed-of fortune. Johnson loved his friends with a seriousness that was both passionate and sad; he loved Mr. Thrale as much as he loved Mrs. Thrale; he believed in them as he believed in the Establishment.

The famous angry howl when she married Piozzi is here in all its animal brutality and pain. The more one thinks about it, the more it seems to come out of the depths of Johnson's nature, the less out of momentary jealousy or humiliated love. No doubt the great egotist behaved grossly; certainly he felt remorse and achieved a dignified, Christian resignation which was without hypocrisy. He bowed to a pure personal tragedy. The Thrales had held

* *The Letters of Samuel Johnson.* Collected and edited by R. W. CHAPMAN. *Oxford.* 3 vols. £6 6s.

him in an enchantment. In that household the passing of time—which he dreaded so much—was unnoticed. Those happy rooms made him forget the terror. Here he easily distracted himself from that introspection which (he always held) was fatal to those who fear mental disorder. We see that he asked Mrs. Thrale to keep all his long letters—not because he thought them valuable, not because he had an eye to publication or to biography, but simply because in years to come he would like to re-read them and remind himself of those times. To some temperaments the thought of such a revisiting of one's own past is inconceivably painful. In Johnson there seems to have been a dread of losing any minute. The mystery of time, the formal belief in eternity which seems to conceal a fear of total extinction, the sad drama of hope for to-morrow and remorse over the past, are the shifting sands on which, in these letters, Johnson seems to stand. In his old age, he begged Mrs. Thrale to keep a "registry of your course of thinking, and accidents of life . . . and be always careful to set down dates exactly." The agony of Johnson recalls the agony of Tolstoy: what is Truth if a man dies? But Johnson's answer to the fear was strenuously to strengthen the dykes of a limited, orthodox and formal faith. The letters are not remarkable in themselves, but the reader finds himself with a whole life on his hands—from struggle to happiness, from happiness to loneliness, the miseries of disease and loss; the old bear stands afflicted, bewildered and yet mysteriously powerful in his chains. The morality of the early eighteenth century was trite and settled, and Johnson fitted naturally into it, narrow in his scope yet deep in his feeling. It is strange that we should pity the law-giver as he booms out his paradoxes; and that his wit, when its first effect has passed, should move the heart.

V. S. PRITCHETT

UBI SUNT GAUDIA ?

in dulci jubilo . .
Once in the candleglow
Two faces seraph-bright
Opened round mouths to sing
"*Ubi sunt gaudia*
If that they be not there?"

Wild solstice: all the caked snow of the year
Iron to summer, melted to that sound.
The winter heart awoke; the curtained eye
Couched of its cataract let in the light.

Christmas returns and other children cry
Alpha et O! pursing as sweet mouths round:
Shuttered and dark beneath the clotted snow
No star, no angel penetrates my night.

Though as celesta-clear
As any other year
The crystal bells may ring
In regis curia
Two mouths no longer sing
Ubi sunt gaudia.

Ubi sunt gaudia
If these two be not here?
Only I blindly know
Tu Alpha es et O.

ANTONIA WHITE

MELCHISEDECH

Newman's Way. By SEAN O'FAOLAIN. *Longmans.* 25*s.*

The Newman legend winds on with the sinuous grace of the Thames in its Oxfordshire reaches. From a crystal source in the *Apologia*, it swells with the inclusion of such rivulets as Dean Church, Wilfrid Ward and J. T. Coleridge's *Memoir of John Keble*. Each golden tributary of gossip—Mozley, Tuckwell, Burgon, Coxe—adds richly to the mainstream. Rheumy-eyed bishops and aged Heads of Houses emerge from their willow-fringed water-meadows to contribute thin quotas of reminiscence. From the depths of forgotten rectories come humbler trickles of memory. The Tractarian myth is pre-eminently gerontophile; the strife and enthusiasm of long ago, the false hopes, heart-searchings, fierce celibacies and broken friendships of youth undergo a strange bitter-sweet transformation when mirrored in the pebbly distorted memories of old men.

As the river broadens, it becomes canalised into numerous lesser waterways by a team of skilled engineers—the scholarly Ollard, the tendentious Strachey, the hagiographical Mr. Middleton, the neo-Freudian Mr. Geoffrey Faber, the indefatigable Father Tristram. Instead of Newman plain, we have Newman the Fallen Angel, Newman the Oratorian, Newman the Victim. Now Mr. O'Faolain has given us Newman the Introspective. His book is the most exciting, original (and by far the best written) study to appear in recent years. The fact that it has a kind of split personality is the result of its author's divided aims rather than of any defect in his presentation.

"My original conception," Mr. O'Faolain writes in a foreword,

> was a sort of Conversation Piece or Family Portrait. . . . Before long I found that J. H. N. was dominating the picture. . . . Soon the book became a technical struggle to prevent him from so overshadowing the rest of the family that further mention of their fortunes would be felt as an intrusion.

Since John Henry, though deeply attached to his family, remained singularly uninfluenced by any of them all his life, this problem is unresolved. The rueful misadventures of Newman's parents, of Aunt Betsey and of his brothers and sisters, alternate with a perceptive and highly individual account of his religious development. It is as though Lytton Strachey and the Abbé Bremond were attempting a collaboration. Mr. O'Faolain is equally good in both roles: his irony is never cheap or uncharitable and the impressionist style of his narrative has been based on much original and painstaking research. In spite of its fundamental disunity, his book is a brilliant achievement.

'In the *subjective* element immerse' is the keynote of his assessment of Newman's psychology. He puts his view squarely at the outset.

> . . . As a great man he [Newman] will always blend a meticulous intellectual accuracy with a delicate perception of the subtleties of the mind . . . while omitting totally to record the simultaneous war of the emotions. All Newman's biographers have taken him too admiringly at his word in these post mortems, failing to realise that in analysing his own inward crises he always transformed emotion into intellect, and that once the experience passed into the refinery of his mind, it was, in a sense falsified.

Making skilful use of Newman's early diaries, Mr. O'Faolain builds up a picture of the Arch-Solipsist who was also something of a young monster. He instances the curious essay on Worldly Fame, written at sixteen, and an even more "frightening entry" in the eleven-year-old boy's diary:

> John Newman wrote this just before he was going up to Greek on Tuesday, June 10, 1812, when it only wanted three days to his going home, thinking of the time (at home) when, looking at this, he shall recollect when he did it.

These early chapters might well have been called Intimations of Introversion in Early Childhood.

In his account of Newman's subjectivity and introspection ("What a veil and curtain this world of sense is!") one has a feeling that Mr. O'Faolain rather overstates his case. In a sense he is writing outside the central tradition. He has an abundant reverence for his subject but he lacks the *pietas*, the patine, that, for Anglican and Roman Catholic writers alike, habitually goes with it. This, in so far as it gives his book its oblique and original and, as he would claim, "humanizing" approach, is doubtless a good thing. Yet it leads him into strange misplacements of emphasis. To write a study of Newman with scarcely a mention of Keble is to give us Hamlet without the Ghost. It is the stranger in that the very feature of Newman's thought with which Mr. O'Faolain is most concerned—namely, his conception of faith as primarily a moral and unintellectual quality—Newman has himself testified to having derived from the author of *The Christian Year*.

> I considered that Mr. Keble met this difficulty by ascribing the firmness of assent which we give to religious doctrine not to the probabilities which introduced it, but to the living power of faith and love which accepted it. In matters of religion, he seems to say, it is not merely probability which makes us intellectually certain, but probability as it is put to account by faith and love.

When he comes to the Family Portrait, Mr. O'Faolain is on much safer ground. His picture of the brothers and sisters—Charles the wencher, the fanatical Francis, Harriet with her looks and her tantrums, and the gentle Jemima—is shrewd and sympathetic. Reading of Charles's rows with the Bank of England, his excesses as a tutor (he was dismissed from one post for biting a boy in self-defence) and the complacent March Hare dottiness of his letters ("I should never have got through the last half-year, as I did, in a creditable way, had it not been for macaroons and almond cake"), one can imagine what a thorn in Newman's side such a relative must have been. Perhaps Francis was the worst, though. It was hard to have been raised up as a shining light for the Church of England when your brother spent his time attempting to convert Mohammedans to the tenets of Plymouth Brotherhood. In the background was the scandal of old Mr. Newman's bankruptcy. Mr. O'Faolain has discovered that at one period of his misfortunes Newman *père* kept a pub. His book reveals what an "economy of truth" lay behind the son's statement that "my father was a London banker."

JOHN RAYMOND

DRAMA ON THE TOP SHELF

Drama from Ibsen to Eliot. By RAYMOND WILLIAMS. *Chatto & Windus.* 18*s.*

Mr. Williams's intention—and what could be better?—is to discuss drama as literature. He believes the two have been losing touch for a century, and in order to restore communication between them it is necessary to replace naturalism by convention (which should include verse) and regain, if we can, a language with roots in a life of action.

This is the thesis, but even in this summary a popular fallacy is discernible. Whoever makes an antithesis between naturalism and convention prepares confusion. Naturalism is one convention among others. Mr. Williams goes a step farther, for in getting rid of naturalism he proposes, in D. H. Lawrence's phrase, to get rid of "the old stable ego of the character." Before this discussion has advanced more than a page or two we see that Mr. Williams is confusing "characters and principals." For he at once begins to quote Strindberg on character acting:

> . . . nothing was required but some bodily defect —a club-foot, a wooden leg, a red nose; or the character in question was made to repeat some such phrase as "That's capital," "Barkis is willin'," or the like.

A familiar confusion—Berthold Brecht was responsible for some of it in his earlier manifestoes on epic drama—it takes us back to first principles, perhaps even as far back as Aristotle. Was Aristotle a naturalist? He said drama was imita-

tion. He described the tragic hero as one brought low by the contradictions in his own character, though here Aristotle was describing neither "character acting" nor "a stable ego," he was describing what the late Sid Field called a performance. Perhaps, as Mr. Williams almost admits when he discusses language, the key is found in action.

The drama of inaction, whether by Chekhov or Mr. T. S. Eliot, is in obvious danger of disintegration. This Mr. Williams sees in Chekhov but misses it in Mr. Eliot because, according to his theory, the poet's plays ought to be held together by their literary convention. In practice, as we know, *The Cocktail Party* loses grip because it falls back so often on the stagey tricks of "character acting." The more frozen "the principals" become, the harder "the characters" act. Chekhov's convention is firmer, his action not quite so frozen. Perhaps then Aristotle was right in thinking there are two problems to solve, the first being action, language the second.

Language is certainly a crux. Mr. Williams lets off a few familiar paradoxes, for instance: "Contemporary spoken English is rarely capable of exact expression of anything in any degree complex." ("Six to four bar one," "four away wins"—are such phrases not exact, and don't they sometimes refer to quite complex situations?) But Mr. Williams is right in his discussion of Synge, and Mr. O'Casey—and, elsewhere, of the Elizabethans—in looking for active community as the source of richness in language.

How shall we get it? Not by "minority culture" which is Mr. Williams's only proposal. The theatre does not become literature by moving up to the top shelf. This is where Mr. Williams's argument leads—and where it breaks down.

MONTAGU SLATER

THE AMERICAN SCENE

America Day by Day. By SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR. *Duckworth.* 21*s.*

Mlle de Beauvoir spent four months in the United States on a lecture tour in 1948. She visited New York, Chicago, California, Nevada, Colorado, New Mexico, Texas, Virginia, New England: a well-worn itinerary. She is an admirable descriptive writer, as her renderings of the Grand Canyon, the Colorado Desert and the Petrified Forest show; more important, she reacts so freshly and vigorously to what she sees, that the reactions become intuitions. It was in America that Mlle de Beauvoir, who had before thought of herself quite simply as French, discovered she was European. Therein lies the heart of her book: *America Day by Day* is a profound expression of European ambivalence towards the United States, an ambivalence which has very little to do with politics, however much politics may accentuate it. At the end, Mlle de Beauvoir admires and is repelled, and the admiration and repulsion are simultaneous.

It may be thought she set out for America with exiguous preparation; her notions of the country seem to have been derived entirely from memories of jazz records, encounters with G.I.s in Paris, Bogart films and the novels of Faulkner, Hemingway, Steinbeck, Caldwell, James Cain, Dashiell Hammett and Horace MacCoy; and early on, there is an unconsciously very funny passage in which we glimpse the editors of *Partisan Review* horrifiedly assuring her that of these writers Faulkner is the only one that matters and trying to persuade her that Melville, Hawthorne and James are the real thing. Indeed, what she thought she would find is never made clear. What she found may be summed up in two quotations:

> The great attraction that America holds for me, where the memory of the pioneers is strong, consists in the fact that it appears as a realm still in transcendence; its history is contracted, of course, in time, yet stretches splendidly across vast spaces; it is the history of the creation of a whole world. For this reason skyscrapers always move me; they proclaim man as a being who does not stagnate, but is filled with enthusiasm and a desire for expansion and fresh conquest. . . . New York, Chicago, both these cities reflect the existence of this demi-urge with its imperial dreams, and that is why they are indeed the most human, the most uplifting cities that I know. There is no room here for any of the dreary caution of the *petit bourgeois* in his carpet slippers . . . A man is judged by his acts: to exist you must do something.

What is wrong, of course, is what the American is, and what he does. Here, the United States appears as it is, summed up in William Plomer's line: "America, the rich poor-white." But shortly, the American doesn't know how to live; he is neither an individual nor does he belong to a community. For Mlle de Beauvoir here is the paradox:

> In America the individual is nothing. He is the object of an abstract cult; convince him of his individual value and you arrest in him the awakening of the collective spirit; compelled to fall back on himself, all concrete power is taken away from him

So he is passive—and, as Mlle de Beauvoir discovered, the young American especially—in the face of current events even to the point of not even bothering to discuss them. Indeed, the discussion of ideas, any ideas, Mlle de Beauvoir found almost entirely non-existent. She found, instead, men living in a present that seemed to have no relation either to a past or a future and bent on conforming to a type.

Simone de Beauvoir's book is a powerful criticism of exactly what Americans themselves like to consider their "way of life." All the same, in fairness it should be pointed out that what she is criticising is often nothing specifically American, however true her main indictment may be. Indeed, the English reader will probably reflect uncomfortably that her target might be Anglo-Saxondom generally. Where in England will you find the critical discussion of ideas carried on as a matter of course? And visiting the suburban wastes of our industrial areas, would Mlle de Beauvoir be any more likely to find there the ordinary graces of living as the Latin—even the peasant—conceives them than in Buffalo or Los Angeles? There are moments, too, when she draws wrong conclusions through ignorance of the Anglo-Saxon scene generally; as when, visiting a church in Harlem, she reads a special significance relating to Negroes into the ritualistic taking of the collection: she's plainly never been to a service in a Baptist chapel in England. A general criticism might be that she tends too much to identify herself with the American Negro, so that her picture of racial conditions in the South is much darker than it is, say, in the novels of Faulkner, whom she admires. For all that, she has written a very valuable book illustrated with some splendid photographs.

WALTER ALLEN

THE PROFESSIONS

Professional People. By ROY LEWIS and ANGUS MAUDE. *Phoenix House.* 18*s.*

This is a thoroughly bad book. It is full of grumbles, unsupported generalisations, and vague uses of words. It keeps jumping from facts to mere assertion, and back again, without any indication that its authors are conscious of the difference. It wanders about, so that the argument is often very difficult to follow; and it leaves one reader at least very doubtful, on more than one major point, what the authors really mean.

Among the unproven generalisations one in particular stands out—that the receipt of a salary as against fees (or is it only of a salary from public funds?) undermines the professional spirit. This is part of a polemic against the growing "nationalisation" of the professions; but I can find no evidence for it, beyond the irrelevant argument that salaried *administrators* show less of the professional spirit than practitioners of other techniques. Incidentally, this contention gets all mixed up with a polemic—in which I find myself mainly on the authors' side—against treating administration as an independent profession in its own right. Do the authors, in their main argument, really mean that judges are less professional than practising barristers, or that

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university professors are in danger of forfeiting their professional status because they are not paid by piece-work fees? If so, I should like to know why. I agree, of course, that it is of vital importance for professionals to have a considerable independence, and to frame their own rules of conduct; but I cannot see why receiving a salary should prevent this. I suppose the authors really mean that it is somehow derogatory to a professional man or woman to be employed at all, as distinct from running an independent business. But why? To take up such an attitude is to cast a slur on a great many professions which are bound by their very natures to be carried on as specialisms within large employing concerns, private or public.

There is a great deal too in the book about the deterioration of professional quality. This is based largely on a romanticised view of what professional people have been like in the past—a view that will not stand up even to cursory historical scrutiny—and also largely on the evident fact that as more and more categories of persons receive recognition as professionals, there is bound to be a fall in the average level of ability and education of all those who are so recognised. It would be most surprising if the average nurse, or elementary teacher, or even engineering draughtsman, were as cultured or as able as the average doctor or university teacher or civil engineer. Of course, giving professional status to hundreds of thousands of persons means including in the professional category many persons of not very high intellectual capacity: the real question is whether these persons are likely to give better or worse service if they are recognised as professionals and expected to conform to professional standards of behaviour. Surely the answer is that they will tend to give better service, and there is nothing to moan about if for the present they are often a bit thin on culture or drawing-room manners.

The authors also raise the question whether professionals are underpaid. Their attempt to summarise the conditions of professional remuneration are not unnaturally inconclusive because of the very wide range in many professions, and of the lack of statistics for most. They seem to be bemoaning, mainly on behalf of the older professions, a fall in the standards which is part of a general decrease in spendable income differentials between the classes. There are, no doubt, some professional groups which have been hard hit by recent economic changes; but there are others which, as these authors show, have done remarkably well. The illogicality of professional incomes today, from one profession to another, is simply part of the general illogicality of national income distribution in a phase of transition to a less inegalitarian society.

The authors of this book, as they showed in their previous work on *The Middle Classes*, believe these classes to be the salt of the earth, and constitute themselves their champions. They have the good sense to see that their position can be sustained only if the middle classes do actually behave in a superior way, in terms of moral conduct and social responsibility. On this score they are extremely critical of most doctors, of bureaucratic administrators, and of certain kinds of technological specialists, and disposed to blame their defects on "socialisation" wherever possible. But they provide no evidence that doctors behaved any better to their poorer patients before the National Health Service or National Health Insurance began, or that, in the minor professions, conduct was any better—or indeed nearly as good—before recognised professional status was achieved. In short, the book is a muddle, though it contains a certain amount of useful information and is written in a quite tolerable style. It is, however, much less informative or systematic than the study published by Sir Alexander Carr-Saunders and Mr. Wilson nearly twenty years ago.

G. D. H. COLE

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ORPHEUS AND PROMETHEUS

Art and Technics. By LEWIS MUMFORD. *Oxford.* 15*s.*

Books, whose scope is huge enough to allow the writer to generalise, are often rather flattering to read. They give one a god's-eye view and the illusion of greater knowledge than one in fact possesses. This book—of six lectures delivered last year by Mr. Mumford at Columbia University—is an exception. Indeed, it disturbs just because it analyses the disastrous way in which knowledge has been abused.

Mr. Mumford divides human activity into the two categories of art and technics; art being the process by which man projects and communicates his experience: technics the process by which he controls his environment—the raw material of experience. Orpheus can be said to be a symbol of the first, Prometheus of the second. Believing that in healthy societies these two activities remain distinct but interact creatively on each other, he then proceeds to show how, in our stage of urban capitalism, they have not only become confused, but actually destroy one another's proper sources of inspiration.

The problems Mr. Mumford raises are not new: the problem of using the machine to eliminate instead of increase drudgery: of gearing the means of production to real needs instead of artificially created ones: of preventing the new media of communication (newspapers, the film, radio, television) from bombarding us with so many images and symbols that we lose all power of selection and become defensively passive, so-called sophistication leading to the wisecrack—"So What!" It is not its originality, but its maturity of perception which makes this book outstanding.

We have now reached the time when it is necessary to resolve the naive hopes of those who welcomed mechanical progress just for its own sake, with the reactionary fears of those who opposed it; to equate, for example, the opinion of those who already talk of television as a new art form, with the opinion of those who can only see it as yet another automatic habit of vicarious escape. And this is precisely what Mr. Mumford does. He sees both the dangers and the opportunities which create our predicament.

He points out that a great deal of what is called "industrial design" is a perversion: a pointless attempt to humanise the machine which ends up by sentimentalising it. He believes that the designs of machines and machine-made objects should only be governed by consideration of efficiency and economy, and that when a good design has been arrived at, it should be standardised and should remain constant, possibly for generations, and certainly until essentially new technical knowledge has made it obsolete. This would avoid the colossal waste of artificial obsolescence stimulated by unnecessary—although commercially profitable—"novelty" re-styling, and would, in addition, prevent the æsthetic horror of streamlined pencil sharpeners, embosomed limousines and crazy-paved fireplaces turned out by the thousand.

But Mr. Mumford is not only concerned with economics and æsthetics. The confusion between symbol and tool (art and technics) has more far-reaching results. It imposes a mechanical order on what should be organic—legend, cultural recreation, craftsmanship; and lends a spurious chaotic variety to what should be ordered—town and city development, machine plants, mass-produced household goods. This confusion violates a natural human equilibrium and therefore causes both psychological and social insecurity and frustration. Even functionalism was only a half-truth and finally led to making function itself a symbol—as in the new UNO building which is both inadequate as a symbolic expression of hope, and inefficient as a building.

Mr. Mumford also demonstrates how, though we command a marvellous power of production, we fail to realise that we are under no absolute obligation to use this power, and indeed ought to control the quality *and* the quantity of what is produced. "A blessing repeated once too often becomes a curse." And he cites, as just one example, the fact that the indiscriminate over-reproduction of certain works of art has destroyed their necessary, special sense of uniqueness and consequently their power to move us.

It is impossible, however, in such a short review as this, to do justice to Mr. Mumford's highly complex but always lucid book. It takes a comprehensive view without ever oversimplifying. My only criticism is that the cures he prescribes are far less convincing than his diagnosis. Indeed, one has the impression that he is hardly convinced himself, and has almost given way to despair—as all rational (as opposed to religious) thinkers are bound to do, unless they also take into account the potential liberating power of social revolution.

JOHN BERGER

DETECTION

They Do It With Mirrors. By AGATHA CHRISTIE. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Case of the Fan-Dancer's Horse By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Bahamas Murder Case. By LESLIE FORD. *Collins.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The New Shoe. By ARTHUR UPFIELD. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Triple Jeopardy. By REX STOUT. *Collins.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Reclining Figure. By MARCO PAGE. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

This is Jezebel. By DESMOND CORY. *Frederick Muller.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Loneliest Girl in the World. By KENNETH FEARING. *Bodley Head.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

One of our most distinguished writers declared the other day that he preferred Chandler to Christie because the lady could never be trusted to play fair. He was not the first, and will not be the last, to boggle at her tricks. Indeed, the

verbal ambiguity in which she revels must be peculiarly exasperating to a master of plain statement. But *They Do It With Mirrors* ought to satisfy him. Never before has Mrs. Christie been so candid on the very title page. When the murder is committed at one end of a long, rambling country house at a time when all the main characters are busy overhearing a quarrel at the other, we might be puzzled to account for the discrepancy, had not the authoress herself given the hint as to what she was up to. I do not personally think that Mrs. Christie shines in these feats of prestidigitation; they are best left to Carter Dickson. Poirot has wisely gone on leave and left the rather thin plot for Miss Marples to tidy up.

The Case of the Fan-Dancer's Horse gives nothing away, except that Mr. Erle Stanley Gardner is still fond of a paradox. For the benefit of the title the fan-dancer loses her horse, and then, for the benefit of the plot, her husband; someone stuck a Japanese sword through him in the small hours, and his wife is the likeliest suspect. Perry Mason gets stitched up with the lady over the lost horse; and, at the usual spectacular trial, runs through the old routine of confounding the D.A., exonerating his client, amazing the reader and solving the case. Mr. Gardner's fertile imagination shows no sign whatever of flagging. This is Perry Mason's twenty-ninth case, and he comes out fresh as a daisy, spoiling for more.

The Bahamas Murder Case is a pleasantly written, feminine thriller with a faint streak of detection. The heroine, a typist from New York on holiday, finds herself a focus of deadly interest to the local inhabitants, and reacts with courage and bewilderment. The atmosphere is sticky with subtropical heat, sinister foreboding and, needless to say, romance. Leslie Ford has nothing to learn from Mrs. Eberhart in the art of suspense and keeping a nice girl on hot bricks.

Napoleon Bonaparte is the sort of name a respectable detective is better without, if he is not to deter squeamish readers; but in spite of his misnomer Mr. Upfield's clever little half-breed deserves serious consideration, for he is shaping to become the Maigret of Australia. In *The New Shoe* a naked, unidentifiable body is found stuffed in the cupboard of a lighthouse on the Victorian coast. When Bony (ugh!) is sent to investigate, he soaks himself in parish politics in true Simenon fashion until the crime discloses itself at saturation point. This psychological method of detection must stick close to reality if it is to be effective. Mr. Upfield's characters and landscape ring true to life; and his dialogue reproduces in all its imperfection the clipped sentences and crude syntax of Australian speech.

The first of the magazine-length stories in *Triple Jeopardy* is too obvious, and the last too far-fetched to merit attention. But the third is recommended as an intelligence test. What object usually to be found in a hairdressing saloon can be conveniently concealed in a folded newspaper? Round this basic clue Mr. Stout has established urgent grounds for murdering the policeman who brings in the newspaper. A tidy problem with a very neat answer.

The last three books on the list only deserve mention for their redeeming features. *Reclining Figure* has a wild Californian plot about picture dealers and the forging of Renoirs, relieved with the usual wisecracks; but the author has some real acquaintance with Impressionist painting which he trots out to advantage. *This is Jezebel* makes a suitable companion volume, as it is also concerned with the forgery of Old Masters, but in this instance in the Oxford area. The wisecracks, too, are forthcoming in good measure; and these alone make the book readable. The plot, which appears at first sight promising, founders on that old danger to detective navigation, insanity.

Loneliest Girl in the World is a most crushing disappointment. Mr. Kenneth Fearing, deservedly famous for his thriller *The Big Clock*, enjoys the use of an impressive, breath-taking style; and he duly keeps the reader gasping for the first half of his new book. Two men have fallen to their death from a New York penthouse. Suicide? Murder? Accident? In a corner of the penthouse sits a wonderful electronic machine containing somewhere in its metal memory the secret of the tragedy, but only the heroine knows how to question the monster. And then—after half-way, the excitement fizzles out, the forceful characters go dim, the machine obligingly croaks out the most boring possible answers to the questions, and the book drops from listless fingers. You have been warned.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

A LITERATURE FOR FOOTBALL ?

The Appreciation of Football. By PERCY YOUNG. *Dobson.* 6s. 6d.
Football : Facts & Fancies. By PERCY YOUNG. *Dobson.* 6s.
Concerning Soccer. By JOHN ARLOTT. *Longmans.* 10s. 6d.

Literature develops when there is a strong enough need for it. Association football, the most beautiful of games, has reached the point where this need has just begun to find expression. These three books are evidence of it, not only in themselves, but in the quality of their feeling, their appreciation of the kind of things that provide the poetry of soccer. Cricket, which already has its literature, is to soccer what Mendelssohn is to Bloch, Edward Thomas to Auden; its beauty is essentially traditional, its idiom formal and pastoral. Professional football, requiring a different kind of art, is the product of a more strident, more gravely threatened society; its character is industrial, highly organised, financially complex, powerfully and severely technical. Its poetry is hard, its smoky precise beauty the more lyrical for its economy. Football grounds are oases in deserts of stone, the game itself is the image that makes the prose of industrial life bearable, rather than its mere embellishment.

"An' what about your team, Aaron," cried Mr. Gates, for Aaron was very keen on football.

"I sent me shilling last Saturday, Joe, I dain't go."

"No, you dain't like to go, that was it, not the way they're playing now. Villa Supporter! You ain't no more'n a newspaper supporter shoutin' goal at the page."

"It am a bleeder," Mr. Connolly said, "I be frighted to go down to the Villa ground, I can't abide to see 'em beaten . . ."

Mr. Henry Green, from whose novel *Living* this dialogue comes, is one of the few English writers to have conveyed the meaning of football and the passionate interest it arouses. O'Hara, Scott Fitzgerald, Hemingway have expressed the significance of football and baseball to their characters. Hemingway's old fisherman is sustained by dreams of great games of the past while he is playing his huge fish. When the battle is over and he is completely tired out he goes to sleep wondering about Saturday's results.

"Go to a football match where one of the modern masters of forward play is on view," Mr. Arlott writes in his collection of essays, "and you will find that, time after time, the partisan spirit ebbs and, as the great footballer manœuvres, you will hear men who never looked at a Titian in their lives mutter 'Beautiful.'" Nostalgia is the strongest ingredient in Mr. Young's essays, though he also captures the other qualities that give football its haunting attraction; the different grounds, for instance, their position, architectural features, the evocative strength of their names—

> when a thousand miles away we see, in moments of stress, the Albion at work at The Hawthorns, Sunderland, dressed in red and white, taking the field at Roker Park, or Grimsby Town kicking about, remotely, within earshot of the sea which divides and yet unites.

He understands the poetry of the titles of clubs.

> Some are neat and businesslike—Chelsea, Portsmouth, Watford: some have dignity—Coventry City, Derry City, Nottingham Forest, Derby and Stockport County: some dashing and chivalrous—Tottenham Hotspur, Queen's Park Rangers, Tranmere Rovers: some, the Victorias, patently loyal: some quippish, like Sheffield Wednesday: some

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This issue will be published next week. In view of the heavy demand you are advised to order immediately. Orders should be placed through booksellers or newsagents, or (post paid 7s. 9d.) from the Publishers:

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quietly romantic—the Wanderers, Queen of the South : some doggish : among these must rank first the distant Bohemians. From Wales, Rhosymedre, which characteristically is also the name of a hymn tune.

Mr. Young, a professional music critic, tends to find his best analogies in music. Yet the delicately phrased essays in these two short books convey something of the real relationship of football to the English scene. Through their subtle distillations of matches, styles, rising and long-retired stars, they hint at the larger history of which they form part. They relate character to places, atmospheres to the conditions that produce them.

Mr. Arlott keeps closer to the text of soccer than Mr. Young and he analyses teams, players and strategic ideas with great thoroughness. He writes intelligently about football history and its administration, the transfer system and about football reporting. His book, as well as Mr. Young's two, will, I hope, reach the wide audience that should now be ready for them. They provide, with Mr. Geoffrey Green's *History of the F.A. Cup*, something of the necessary vocabulary which part at least of the enormous football public must master if an imaginative literature is to be produced.

ALAN ROSS

SHORTER REVIEWS

Wines of France. By ALEXIS LICHINE. *Cassell.* 21*s.*

Few recent books on French wines are as informative, comprehensive and sensible as this one. M. Lichine covers an encyclopædic range of material in a popular and forthright manner. Some of his generalisations are necessarily superficial, and the book is no substitute for, say, *Cocks et Ferret*. But his standard of accuracy is high and his book will be appreciated by a far wider public than will ever plough through the learned works. He deals with each of the wine-growing areas of France, describing briefly its history, its regional characteristics, the particular qualities of its grapes and vintages, the processes of wine making and the principal chateaux. There are useful passages on the regulations governing the *appellations controlées* and the advice about buying, storing and drinking wine is sensible and relatively free from pretentious adjectives.

M. Lichine is notably frank about some matters which those in the trade usually prefer to discuss only among themselves—the remarkable falling off of Château Margaux in the '30s and its subsequent renaissance under its present ownership, the gradual decline from its unchallenged pre-eminence of Chateau Ausone, the inferior wines of the Midi, and the whole practice of blending wine, are all subjects on which he shows a refreshing candour. The book is marred by an unattractive style of writing and, for the English reader, by an attempt to make it equally popular in England and America. Few people here, for instance, need to be told that a string of Manhattans before dinner will spoil the palate for a fine wine. M. Lichine is also surprisingly uncritical of the price of wine and does less than justice to the growing, and on the whole healthy, influence of the Wine Co-Operatives. None the less, an admirable book.

Movable Feasts. By ARNOLD PALMER. *Oxford.* 16*s.*

Most people have a flattering idea that they eat much less than their ancestors, and the dinner menus of the past, with their bewildering array of courses, side-dishes and removes, seem to support the theory. Mr. Palmer's attractive survey of the changing meal-times of the past two hundred years, however, leaves one wondering whether it was not rather that our forefathers ate bigger meals, but less frequently, than we do. The prosperous mid-Victorian dinner, so formidably set out by Mrs. Beeton, was designed to satisfy a famished breadwinner who had fasted all day since breakfast, and had probably walked or ridden several miles to and from his place of business. Mr. Podsnap, we remember, "got up at eight, shaved close at a quarter past, breakfasted at nine, went to the City at ten, came home at half-past five, and dined at seven." He knew nothing of that comparative innovation, luncheon. He would have been disgusted by elevenses and shocked by afternoon tea, while as for cocktails and canapés before dinner or cocoa and sandwiches at bedtime, they would, to use his favourite expression, have made him sick. Dinner was a truly important meal in those days, and before ; it was also the only real one of the day. It is arguable that our habits of nibbling and snacking, eating little and often, may account for as much food in the twenty-four hours as ever Mr. Podsnap would have thought proper.

Mr. Palmer's theories are all tentative ; he stresses the difficulty of proving anything on this elusive subject ; but one fact does seem to emerge beyond argument, namely, that the tendency of dinner to get later and later, from the eighteenth to the twentieth century, is due to the increase of commercial business and the lengthening of the working day. When, as in Jane Austen's day, one breakfasted lightly at ten and dined at three, there were only four hours available for business. The nineteenth century, with its scramble for wealth, demanded more working hours, and since the British stomach rebels against long fasting, the mid-day luncheon had to be invented. A Gallup poll of our eating habits in 1952 would be instructive. It might reveal that our nibbling and snacking is just another symptom of the age of anxiety.

Learning Laughter. By STEPHEN SPENDER. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 15*s.*

Mr. Spender travelled to Israel at the invitation of Youth Aliah, an international body which has brought some 60,000 children to Israel, but his travel book goes well beyond a description of the organisation's activities and records general impressions of the young State. The result is unusually intelligent and readable reportage. Mr. Spender is a latecomer to Israel. Today this is probably an advantage, to which he adds that of a critical outlook with a bent for seeing both sides of the medal. Thus, while praising Youth Aliah's outstanding work in transforming children from North African slums or the wreckage of European camps into sturdy young Israelis, he also notes how the young "ingathered" are immediately divided again by violently opposed political educational systems—the out-dated ideological heritage of Europe.

Like other observers, Mr. Spender was struck by the spirit of comradeship in the famous collective settlements, but he notes shrewdly how collective life tends to cramp intellect. From his impressionist picture of Israel's contrasts—its pioneer spirit and black market, its eclectic culture and narrow nationalism, its magnificent landscape and its drab urban streets—he tries to draw some general conclusions about the relations between Israel and Jews in other countries. If here he provides no definite answer, some of his individual observations show a sympathetic insight into a elusive and in its way unique question.

The Portland Vase and the Wedgwood Copies. By WOLF MANKOWITZ. *Andre Deutsch.* 30*s.*

Mr. Mankowitz follows up his novel, *Make me an Offer*, with a monograph on the history of the Portland Vase and later reproductions by Wedgwood and others. The volume is handsomely illustrated with a frontispiece in colours and twenty-five reproductions in black and white. The circumstances of the finding of the original vase, which is of antique glass, are in doubt, nor are authorities agreed about the identity of the subjects portrayed upon it, but it was sold from the Barberini palace in Rome in the eighteenth century, and found its way into the collection of Sir William Hamilton and thence into that of the Duchess of Portland. In the year 1810 it was lent to the British Museum and was there smashed to pieces in 1845 by an intoxicated scene painter. It was duly repaired and was eventually bought by the Museum in 1945. It is generally considered to be a work of the late first century B.C. or early first century A.D., while the base is held to be about two hundred years later. Wedgwood borrowed the vase for a year from the Duke of Portland in 1786, but the first edition of the Portland Vase does not seem to have been ready before 1790. This appears to have consisted of forty-five copies. Others were made throughout the nineteenth century and up to the present day, but the publishers' claim that readers of this book "will now be able to determine with complete authority the exact period of all Wedgwood copies of the Vase" is surely going a little far.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,193

Set by John Jacobin

It is reported that a country house party in Oxfordshire this Christmas was startled to find Phrygian caps in its crackers, accompanied by the most radical mottoes. The usual prizes are offered for a set of four mottoes, similarly incongruous, for any one of the following groups of celebrants: A Bevanite cocktail party; a holiday camp reunion; an administrative staff party at the Treasury; the Royal Academy Dinner; the Lord Mayor's Banquet; or a Foyle's literary luncheon. The mottoes may either be original or quotations. Entries by January 13.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,190

Set by Arachne McLeod

There has recently been a series of broadcast talks on the Seven Deadly Sins. Readers are invited to submit an epitome of one of the Seven Deadly Virtues. Usual prizes. Limit 150 words.

Report by Arachne McLeod

Whether it is called Honesty, Frankness, or Plain Speaking, the deadliest of all the virtues is Truth : our competitors were almost unanimous. There were few to put in a bad word for Chastity, Punctuality, or Self-Help. The Rev. J. P. Stevenson gave an entertaining glimpse of a possible counter-series to the broadcast Vices :

> Previous speakers dealt with Righteous Indignation ; Living for Others ("you can tell the others by their hunted look") ; Humility ("I'm afraid I don't understand Modern Art") ; and the Disguise Virtues—Good Works (ineptitude for life) ; Adoration of Animals (dislike of humans) ; Loyalty (distrust of everything outside one's own mental back garden).

A. E. Harries made a promising attack on Broad-mindedness :

> Fortunately not necessary to compare with any relic from Middle Ages (as in talks on Sins). Broad-mindedness then unknown. Faint beginnings in sixteenth century coming to fine flower in eighteenth, notable for Broadmen (see portraits) -cloth -Church -humour and philosophy which consigned all previous ages to limbo of narrow superstition.

and Eric Swainson deserves praise for his analysis of Tidymindedness—"... the peculiarly feminine deadly virtue, though often possessed by men. Its exponents may be called 'Tigerminded' in allusion to Blake's poem because they desire a 'fearful symmetry' in all things."

Commended, too, are Seumas Stewart's *Modesty*, from W. D.'s *The Dans of the Sevin Deidly Vertews* (Horniegollach MS.), Rhoda Tuck Pook's *Gentilitie* ("a Woman may die for all her Care, so she be a Trollop, or a Man, so he be not Proper") ; and Jim Parrott's *Moderation*—"economical drinking habits (see also SPONGING)." But Truth prevailed, and won first prize of three guineas for Edward Blishen (together with his second entry on Good Nature), and a guinea for Elaine Morgan. A guinea, too, to Guy Kendall and P. M.

HONESTY

I am Honesty : I shrink from the glory of Lying :
I was born of a shrew of a Scruple : my Dad was a Dunce
Who never embarked upon Learning for fear of High-Flying
Ideas that might lead him from Truth : I was once
Engaged by Dame Clio : my Help-Mate had scarcely set nib on
Paper when, shrieking, I fled : he was Edward Gibbon.

I'm decent if dull : no Artist has ever possessed me :
I'd die to be found in Montmartre or in Chelsea or Arles ;
I'm fettered to Fact : deft Fancy has always distressed me :
I think that the Clouds are immoral : for me there's the Marl.
If ever you itch to Invent, or find you're inclined
To Imagine, watch out : I'm the C.I.D. of the Mind.

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FURN. bedrm. priv flat, c.h., bkfast., service, baths. 3*gns.* Box 5857.

SERVICE flat, large lvg.-room with kitchen alcove, gas-cooker, bedroom with 2 single beds, bathroom, c.h.w., gas-fires. 2 minutes shops, 6 minutes Golders Green station. 4½*gns.* weekly. Box 5849.

WESTMINSTER, bed-sit. room in pleasant private house, cooking facils., suit gentleman, cleaning, linen. 55*s.* p.w., ditto smallish 45*s.* Box 5864.

OXFORD graduate & wife offer single accomm., light ckg. facils., 45*s.* 6*d.* p.w. Quiet, congenial atmosphere. Music, literature appreciated. Hampstead area. Box 5789.

BACHELOR offers to another (orth. Jewish, age 30-40) accom. in mod. block St. John's Wood. Ref. exchanged. PRI. 3106/3244.

MUSWELL Hill. Sunny, large bed-sit. Fine view. Gas cooker. Meter. Lady. Tudor 8160.

NEAR Golders Green. Two attractively furnished rooms, use of kitchen, for prof. or business woman. 52*s.* 6*d.* Box 5812.

KENSINGTON. Furn. modern room to let. Cen. htg. H./C. basin. Use kit., bath. Phone evgs. after Jan. 4. WES. 2267.

CHARMING balcony bedsit.-room, modern block, every convenience, W.C.1 area. Breakfast optional. Ring TER. 3752.

MAN offd. room bach. flat Bayswater, tel. din.-kit., etc. Reasonable. Box 5889.

WOMAN doctor, working in hospital, requires small s/c furn. or unfurn. flat in Hampstead or Highgate. Box 5835.

YNG. grad. (+m/c) reqs. cln. acc. C./N.W. No re-trs. Food if contl. Box 5788.

QUIET, warm room with part board wanted partly against tuition in six languages. Box 5500.

S/C room, kit., bath., London, by architect & wife. MAY. 1743, 4-5. Mon./Fri.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3. Co-educational Day School owned and controlled by a Friendly Society of Parents and Staff. Nursery 10*gns.*, K.G. 15*gns.*, Junior and Senior Schools 18*gns.* The School has a small group of weekly boarders and there are two or three vacancies at present. Boarding charge 25*gns.* per term in addition to tuition fees.

HILL House, Steeple Claydon, nr. Bletchley, Bucks, home boarding school, co-ed., 2-12. Fees £40 term. Good academic results. Children/parents welcome in holidays. Mrs. J. E. M. Winter, B.A.

KING Alfred School (F. 1898). Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, ages 4 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Rd., N.W.11.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. School Farm, T.T. Cows. All-round practical and cultural educ. for boys and girls 9-18. Principals: Carl and Eleanor Urban.

THE Moorland School, Clitheroe, Lancs. A happy purposeful community of a dozen adults and 50 children aged from 4-13. Recog. by Min. of Educ. Fees £140 to £165 p.a.

PINEWOOD, Amwellbury, Herts (Ware 52) for children 4 to 14, where diet, environment, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness. Facilities for weekly boarders. Elizabeth Strachan.

SMALL group of weekly boarders accepted at St. Mary's Town and Country School, 38/40 Eton Avenue, N.W.3. Primrose 4306. Elizabeth Paul.

TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, Sussex. Boys and Girls (5-13). Freedom, health and happiness as basis of education. Apply Dorothy Mumford, B.Sc.

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age; small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principals, Miss M. L. Lee, M.A., Miss E. M. Snodgrass, M.A.

READERS' MARKET

FOR SALE: Typewriter, three-bank Empire, good condition, £8; Olivetti typewriter (Standard model) 1951, £36 or offer.

WANTED: Borkenau: Communist International; Socialist literature; Two (ladies') genuine Bergan Rucsacs; Pair Skis.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, Great Turnstile, mentioning advertisement and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

An extraordinary suggestion

TO MANY PEOPLE, it would be an extraordinary suggestion that they should read the Manchester Guardian. They overlook the fact that it is a *national*, not a local, paper. They may think that it looks unexciting. Where are its enticements, its temptations, its naughty tidbits?

It is only to those to whom crystal-clear water still tastes good, that the Manchester Guardian appeals. Its appeal, once felt, is strong. Good writing, by good minds, may not move the millions. But it is moving to the lively-minded minority.

The suggestion is that you should try the Manchester Guardian. It comes to you free from literary lipstick or slapstick. It looks at the world with honest eyes.

You might — who knows? — find the Manchester Guardian more satisfying, more refreshing, than all your other daily reading put together. You can but try!

If you have any difficulty in getting your Manchester Guardian regularly, please write to: The Manchester Guardian, Manchester.

Good Nature

I am Good Nature: born of a Slap on the Back
And a Heart and Soul of the Party: I stink of Bonhomie:
If you're Shy and Retiring I make you feel your lack
Of Lightness of Heart: my name is Truculent Tommy.
I spread around me an odour of Affable Ease;
I am, moreover, appallingly Easy to Please.

I laugh at everyone's Jokes: when I Tread on your Toes
I expect you to Burst into Guffaws with me: if you don't
I suspect you of vile foreign qualities, verging on those
Of that Cry-Baby, Hamlet: If I see that you're Solemn, I won't
Leave you alone to your long-faced Thoughts: I am,
In short, he from whom Life cannot prise a Real Damn.

Edward Blishen

Frankness

The fift yclepèd Frankness, and did ride
A mare that evermore would rear and bite.
All naked was he; nothing would he hide
That to a weaker mind might cause affright,
For he (like that fair maid that Una hight)
Carried a shield which read "Truth must be bold";
And eke a mirrour, in whose shinie bright
Expanse each blemish grew an hundred-fold,
That all men drooped and quailed that did themselves behold.

Elaine Morgan

From the New Theophrastus

Temperance is the art of rationing sensual indulgences; and the temperate man is such as to confine himself to three cigarettes per day; and if someone offers him a glass of beer to accept reluctantly, quoting the exact statistics of the pints per person drunk daily in the U.K., and the annual number of cases of cirrhosis of the liver treated in the hospitals; and if someone suggests an extension of licensed hours, to give the result of the recent Gallup poll on the subject—*for*, 17810; *against*, 15009; "*Mind your bloody business*," 317. He will write to *The Times* to suggest a moderate tax on betting, sufficient to curb excess while making an appreciable contribution to the Treasury, adding that he derives great satisfaction from Bridge at ½*d.* stakes. In general he is a moral hermaphrodite, devoid of all enthusiasm, and killing true delight by a soapy moderation.

Guy Kendall

Of course, generally speaking, the deadliest virtue is *conscious* virtue, turning any milk of human kindness that happens to be standing around into the thinnest possible whey. But even a homely little virtue like Thrift can prove a dangerous boomerang. I know a man, taught all his life to avoid waste, who recently found some Greeting cards left over from a previous year and used them up on his friends. His fiancée of long standing has just returned hers with the brief but cutting comment—"Ye olde olde wish if you like, but never the old old card"—breaking her engagement and his heart.

P. M.

CHESS: What If He Flouts the Book?

No. 170

That is the question most frequently heard from the beginner who has just had his first glimpse at opening theory; having learned a few variations by heart he may well wonder what to do if the opponent fails to oblige. The answer, of course, is that what matters is not the letter but the spirit of an opening. The book moves are usually among the best available, and certainly they would never sin against the spirit of the variation. Whoever *is* guilty of such a sin should meet speedy punishment by the very logic of the principles he has been flouting. To prove the point I could think of no more significant and instructive example than the following game won by Alekhine in a 1913 simultaneous display; Black's 2nd move, while unorthodox was quite playable if followed up by B-KKt5 and P-K4. But instead of following so logical a course Black, as his 3rd move, picked the one fitting into the more orthodox system, only to follow it up by a 4th move which ignored the basic idea of the preceding one by relinquishing rather than holding the centre. Note how such a succession of errors soon lands Black in positions which no longer offer a choice between indifferent and good moves, but only between bad and worse ones; note also how Alekhine, by steadily strengthening his grip on the centre, soon and inevitably has several ways to win (choosing the most spectacular, an announced mate in 10).

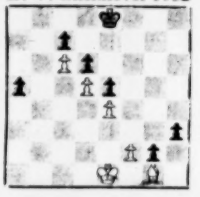
(1)	P-Q4	P-Q4	(16)	KtxKBP!	KxKt
(2)	Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	(17)	P-K5	Kt(2)-Kt1
(3)	P-B4	P-K3?	(18)	B-Q6	Q-B1
(4)	Kt-B3	PxP?	(19)	Q-K2!	P-QKt4
(5)	P-K3	Kt-B3	(20)	B-Kt3	P-QR4
(6)	BxP	B-Kt5	(21)	QR-K1!!	P-R5
(7)	O-O	BxKt?	(22)	Q-R5 ch!!	KtxQ
(8)	PxB	O-O	(23)	PxP ch	K-Kt3
(9)	Q-B2	Kt-K2	(24)	R-B2 ch	K-Kt4
(10)	B-R3	P-B3	(25)	R-B5 ch	K-Kt3
(11)	P-K4	P-KR3	(26)	R-B6 ch	K-Kt4
(12)	QR-Q1	B-Q2	(27)	R-Kt6 ch	K-R5
(13)	Kt-K5	R-K1	(28)	R-K4 ch	Kt-B5
(14)	P-B4!	Q-B2	(29)	RxKt ch	K-R4
(15)	P-B5!	QR-Q1	(30)	P-Kt3! and mates next move.	

My source for this is a new book by Horowitz and Reinfeld, *How to think ahead in Chess* (Faber & Faber, 16*s.*) a most commendable manual because, rather than confuse readers with an abundance of variations it acquaints them with the principles that matter. As for specific opening systems the present volume merely deals with the Dragon Variation in the Sicilian, the Lasker Defence (Kt-K5) in the orthodox Q-Gambit, and the Stonewall. While the latter may be a questionable choice the general principle of restricting the scope is a wise one, adding to the book's penetration, lucidity, and readability.

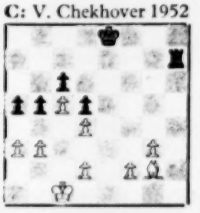
A: Tarrasch 1914

In this week's competition the usual 4-pointer for beginners is a game position. How did Tarrasch (White) bring about his opponent's downfall in 4 moves? **B** and **C**—both of them draws—are very instructive endgame studies, well worth 6 and 7 points respectively. Y. Averbakh, the famous Soviet master, showed them to *Caissa's* Correspondent Lothar Schmid during the recent Stockholm tournament.

B: V. Chekhover 1952



C: V. Chekhover 1952



Usual prizes. Entries by January 12.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set December 13

A: (1) . . . Q-Kt7 ch, and the Kt mates at K7 or R6 respectively.

B: (1) R x P, P-K7; (2) R-Q2, P queens; (3) R-K2 ch, etc.

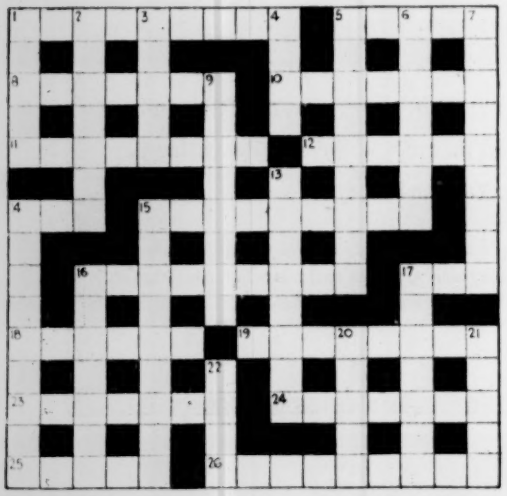
C: (1) Kt (4)-B2 ch, Kt x Kt; (2) Kt x Kt ch, K-B6; (3) Kt-R3, P-B3! (4) K x P, K-Kt6; (5) Kt-Kt1, K-B7; (6) K-B6, K x Kt; (7) K-K5! P-B4! (8) K-Q5, K-B7; (9) K-B4!! etc.

(1) Kt (1)-B2 ch? is refuted by (1) . . . K-B6; (2) Kt x Kt, K x Kt.

Quite a few competitors dropped a point or two by failing to see every subtlety in **C**. The only flawless solutions came from K. Beaumont, D. E. Cohen, F. R. Oliver, A. Schneider; they share the prizes. Many correspondents sent me most friendly seasonal wishes; they are sincerely reciprocated.

Assiac

Week-end Crossword No. 29



ACROSS

1. Fruitful means of obtaining information (9).
5. The metallic sound of a pound in change (5).
8. Mad to turn it back into foreign currency (7).
10. Put brother in front of the port to increase his capacity (7).
11. There is a mixed press for bowlers if they miss the beginning of a team's knock (8).
12. Stout is not provided by a hotel in the heavens (6).
14. Potter (3).
15. A capital way to produce a team without paying large fees (9).
16. Honest at first, he ceases to be this after his return (9).
17. Vehicle for which a time-table might be produced (3).
18. A sailor seems to moralise in pidgin (6).
19. Hats for birds (8).
23. The fruits of my confession of wickedness among artists (7).
24. A shilling cut in wages would reduce them to extremities (7).
25. Unenlightened parent to find fault with reverses (5).
26. Strays (9).

DOWN

1. Their bringers are to be feared (5).
2. The sectarian is a child after our times (7).
3. He married Miss Hawkins (5).
4. This place would help to make one feel banished (4).
5. The handy way (9).
6. In tempo like a northern poet (7).
7. Riddle of the bees (9).
9. Lamb led by rope for a King's daughter (8).
13. Peers ask for this; we may see its reform in the Commons (8).
14. Decoration in the backward sectors for a colonel (9)
15. A hackneyed phrase in the tear-jerker has caught on; it is likely to spread (9).
16. Preserving a statesman (7).
17. Brass for young soldiers (7).
20. Bucks saw his defeat, although he sounds like one of them (5).
21. Parties this man serves in the church (5).
22. Employed, but entertained with a morning out (4).

Set-square

Solution to No. 28

B	E	C	O	N	T	R	E	E	■	P	U	M	P	■
A	■	A	■	U	■	■	A	■	E	■	C	■	■	■
B	A	L	L	O	O	N	■	S	U	P	P	L	E	R
E	■	E	■	■	■	T	■	E	■	B	A	■	■	■
S	A	N	T	A	■	S	L	O	W	R	O	A	S	T
■	■	D	■	B	■	T	■	C	■	■	C	■	■	■
B	E	A	N	S	T	A	L	K	■	H	I	T	C	H
A	■	R	E	■	N	■	I	■	A	■	R	■	I	■
R	E	S	I	N	■	C	O	N	T	I	N	E	N	T
O	■	■	T	■	H	■	G	■	N	■	N	■	■	■
N	U	R	S	E	R	I	E	S	■	S	A	C	K	S
I	■	E	■	E	■	O	■	■	H	■	K	■	■	■
A	R	A	B	I	A	N	■	A	L	I	B	A	B	A
L	■	C	■	S	■	■	S	■	■	N	■	T	■	■
■	S	H	A	M	■	M	I	S	T	L	E	T	O	E

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

B.B.C. requires Editor for Television Women's Programmes, with responsibility to Head of Television Talks for editorial supervision and formulation and co-ordination of original ideas. Incumbent would be required to study studio technique but not necessarily to undertake production. Good education, mature judgement and wide contacts in matters of interest to women based on considerable experience in professional journalism or broadcasting in these fields are desirable. Salary £1,000 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with 5 annual increments to £1,330 maximum per annum. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "E.T.W.P. N.Stm." within a week. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

B.B.C. requires two Script Writer/Adaptors in Television Drama Department. Duties include preparation of television play scripts, guidance of and collaboration with outside writers, reading and reporting on plays. Qualifications: wide general knowledge of and interest in plays and players, special interest in developments and explorations of new dramatic medium, knowledge of B.B.C. drama policy and of foreign languages would be additional advantages. Appointment for period of one year in first instance at salary of £795 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional). Should contract be extended from year to year salary would increase by 5 annual increments to £1,065 maximum per annum. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "T.D.D. N. Stm." within a week. For acknowledgment please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

B.B.C. invites applications for posts as Monitors at Reading, to report on radio transmission in Albanian, Bulgarian, Finnish, Lithuanian, Persian, Rumanian, Russian, Serbo-Croat and Slovene Languages. Preference to candidates who can offer more than one language. Complete idiomatic grasp essential. Good knowledge of current political events, particularly in relation to relevant countries and ability to type are required. Vacancies do not exist in all languages but suitable candidates will be placed on reserve list. Candidates should be prepared to serve overseas. Salary £590 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with 5 annual increments to maximum £800. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Monitors N. Stm." within 7 days. For acknowledgment please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

BRITISH Electricity Authority require Information Officer in the Public Relations Branch at Headquarters in London. Desirable qualifications include economics degree or comparable qualification; ability to write clear, simple English; experience of administration and of information work, including collection, classification and indexing of material, and preparations of information papers and abstracts. Salary within N.J.C. Grade 4 £610-£672. Pension Scheme. Applications, giving age, experience, present post and salary and two referees to D. Moffat, Director of Establishments, Winsley Street, London, W.1. Quote ref. AE/303/NS. Closing date Jan. 15.

THE Edinburgh Council of Social Service invites applications for the post of Organising Secretary, commencing October, 1953. Candidates (women) should be qualified social workers with experience in family casework and in the supervision of the practical training of students. Commencing salary £600; superannuation scheme. Applications giving full particulars, together with the names of 3 referees to Hon. Secretary, 11 St. Colme Street, Edinburgh.

WORKERS' Educational Association, East Midland District.—Applications are invited for the post, which will shortly be vacant, of tutor organiser for Leicester and District. Applicants should be graduates with a degree in a subject(s) appropriate to adult education. Salary £450 × £25—£650. The appointment in the first place will be for a period of two years. Form and particulars from: J. T. Rhodes, District Secretary, 16 Shakespeare Street, Nottingham.

KING Edward VI High School for Girls, Birmingham. The post of Head Mistress has now become vacant owing to the death of Dr. M. S. Smith. Particulars of the appointment may be obtained, after January 10 next, from Sec. to the Governors, King Edward's School, Edgbaston Park Rd., Birmingham 15.

WILTSHIRE Association for The Care of The Blind. Home for The Blind, Swindon. Applications are invited for the post of resident Assistant Matron for the above House for 19 aged blind persons. Some nursing experience desirable. Salary £205 p.a., rising to £235 p.a., plus board and residence. Applications, stating age, experience and qualifications, and accompanied by names and addresses of two referees, to be forwarded not later than January 12, 1953, to: The Secretary, Wiltshire Association for the Care of the Blind, 1a, Market Place, Devizes

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council. Applications invited from trained social workers (women) to become assistants to local organiser (under Mental Deficiency Acts) in Public Health Department. Duties include visiting and reporting upon mental defectives living at home. Social science qualifications, knowledge of typewriting and clerical work, and experience of social work desirable. Salary £450-£600. Application forms from Medical Officer of Health (PH/D.1), County Hall, S.E.1, for return by Jan. 10. (1338).

THE British Student Tuberculosis Foundation requires Secretary/Administrator. Applicants should be over twenty-five years of age. University graduates will be preferred. Salary scale £450/£25/£600, starting point on scale according to age and experience. Superannuation, etc. Information about the post is available and applications should be made to the Honorary Secretary, Dr. N. Malleson, c/o University College London, Gower Street, W.C.1. Closing date, January 15, 1953.

TRAINING in the management of housing estates for local authorities, housing associations, etc.: paid studentships available in various parts of the country. For further information, apply Sec., The Society of Housing Managers, 13 Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, S.W.1.

MEDICAL Records Secretary required with good shorthand and typing to take charge of department records with two assistants. Age about 30. Salary scale in the range of £375-£475. Applications should be sent to Director, Radiotherapy Department, Hammersmith Hospital, Ducane Rd., W.12.

BUCKS. National Association for Mental Health requires immediately resident housemaster or housemother for Home for emotionally disturbed children aged 7-12 at Ponds, Seer Green, Nr. Beaconsfield. Child Care training or Social Science certificate or Nursing experience considered. Salary £250 or according to qualifications. Apply within 14 days giving two referees: Ponds Secretary, N.A.M.H., 39, Queen Anne Street, W.1.

FAMILY Service Units require resident caseworkers, men and women, for the extension of their work with problem families in many parts of the country. Apply F.S.U., 159 Westbourne Grove, London, W.11.

GRADUATE Master (single) required for General Subjects and Games. Small Co-ed. school in West Country. Box 5714.

KEEN young man or woman required as Advertising Space Salesman. Salary plus commission. Full partics. to Business Manager, Tribune, 222 Strand, London, W.C.2.

LONDON Council of Social Service, 7, Bayley Street, W.C.1, requires a secretary for the General Secretary. Good shorthand and typing essential. Apply in writing to the Assistant Secretary.

REQUIRED smart intelligent secretary, able correspondent, business initiative, costing, experience in taking charge of small office, closed Jewish holidays. Write details of experience and salary to Convex, 41 Brecknock Rd., London, N.7. To commence January.

AGENTS with contacts, to work on commission, in all major cities: (a) buckles and everything for ladies' belt trade, (b) mathematical plastic drawing instruments, (c) advert. novelties, showcards, etc. Convex, Ltd., 41 Brecknock Rd., London, N.7.

EDUCATED young woman wanted for work with slightly backward children; artistic abilities an advantage. Fair salary, full board and residence; long holidays. Must take an active interest in Rudolf Steiner methods. Employment to commence January 9. Detailed application to The Principal, Salmon's Cross School, Reigate, Surrey.

COOK and Matron required in January for small co-educational school in West Country. Box 5798.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

HISTORY graduate, knowl. of Russian & French, travelled Europe, India & Far East, exp. in journalism & adult education, seeks suitable employment. Box 5702.

CAPABLE, cultured man, married, 38, practical exp. admin., agriculture, wide rural & artistic interests, wants post in organisation or well-founded enterprise with open-air/agricultural connections. Box 5792.

YOUNG woman, 25, Social Science diploma, seeks interesting part-time social/allied work. Available Mondays & Thursdays, or every afternoon. Box 5699.

INTELLIGENT and experienced bookkeeper-secy., fluent English, German, very good French, seeks considerate employer; progressive post where abilities can be employed to mutual advantage. Box 5822.

PLEASANT young woman skg. congenial post London, Midlands, Home Counties, coast, invites suggestions. B.A.; Soc. Sci.; sh.-tpg. Exp. incs. legal and sch. sec., some cooking. Intd. books, music, people, places. Likes uncloistered community life. Box 5712.

EXPERIENCED secretary seeks afternoon work Monday to Friday. London. Own portable typewriter if required. Box 5832.

EXPD. Secretary Sh./Typist free occasional periods. ARC. 1765, Ex. 1.

BOOKKEEPER S./T. (m.) seeks responsible part-time post with small organisation in Central or N. London. Box 5826.

PERSONAL

A REAL home wanted with kindly family in well-furn. home near London by genial prof. man, middle-aged. Box 5888.

SWISS Winter Sports personal Jewish party ages 20-30 leaving February 15 for 10 days (by air). Apply Box 5882.

S.R.N., wishing travel U.S.A. spring, wd. act as nurse/companion children/adults in retn. passage/part passage. Box 5760.

FAY, Robin & Ann Pearce send good wishes from Uganda. P.O. Box 262, Kampala.

ROMAN coin of Constantine period. Any offers, private collectors. Box 5756.

FOSTER home required in Middlesex for two intelligent boys, aged eleven and twelve years with family experienced in handling children's problems. Applications should be addressed to the Area Children's Officer, 4 Newburgh Road, Acton, W.3.

WOMAN partner wanted small poultry venture Mid-Wales. Share comf. home, buildings and land. Write Jane Sherwood, Pantyrhedyn, Abbey Cwmhir, Radnor.

UPRIGHT Collard, good condition, £45, o.n.o. for quick sale, owner purchasing Grand. Box 5711.

BRITISH Films. Well-known executive with substantial contacts desires to meet experienced writer to collaborate on original film scripts in spare time on 50/50 basis. Opportunity to exploit growing British film boom. Box 5776.

YOUNG man, 26 (Asian), no formal education, requires English lessons from experienced teacher, London. Box 5863.

SHORT Stories rqd. by Jewish Quarterly Magazine. Write in 1st inst. Box 5719.

PAINT and draw for pleasure. Private tuition up to exhibition standards for small groups of beginners. Box 5582.

LANGUAGES made easy with films. 13, Suffolk Street, Haymarket, S.W.1: Public Demonstrations from January 5. French, German, Italian, Spanish classes commence during the week of January 19.

PITMAN'S Shorthand. Private tuition. No classes. Beginners or speed. Afternoons or evenings. Paddington 6929.

RUSSIAN lessons by experienced teacher (man), formerly R.A.F. School & Cambridge. 7s. 6d. per hour. MAI. 8794.

VITAMIN B. Your full daily requirement of essential B vitamins is provided by one dessertspoonful of pleasant-tasting Vita-Yeast. From Chemists, 3s. and 5s. 6d.

HALL, Leic. Sq., with licd. food counter. Meetings, socials, 1½gns. evg. WHI. 3678.

IN cases of Nervous Exhaustion try Nerve Manipulation. A reintegrating therapy, invigorating and stimulating. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. Welbeck 9600. Ask for brochure.

GERMAN taught by qualified teacher, Mrs. Margaret Pastor, 814 Endsleigh Court, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

QUICKHAND in one week-end: rapid note-taking using your ordinary writing. Send P.O. 15s. for complete course; M.A. Educational Service (NSN), 119 Brent St., London, N.W.4.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½d. stamp for "Subjects that Sell Today" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

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BAKER St. School of Dancing (97). Priv. lessns/classes Ballrm. dancing. WEL. 4841.

PSYCHOLOGICAL treatment on private consultant lines. Parties from Sec., London Centre for Psychotherapy, 11b Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford St., London, W.1.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

PERSONAL—continued

TRANSLATOR (widow) working West End, baby at day-nursery, boy 11 at boarding school, wants furn./unfurn. accom. reas. rent. N.W. London prefd. Box 5868.

WINTER Sports parties at "off-season rates." There is still time to join one of our parties to Austria on January 10, 17, or 31. 16 days inclusive holiday from 28½gns. Erna Low Holidays, 47 Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

MAJORCA, Spain's island Paradise for an unusual 14 day holiday at the Hotel Costa Brava at lovely Puerto de Soller by air on specially advantageous terms including full board £53 10s. Plan now. Write or 'phone for fully illustrated free brochure to (Dept. MS.1), Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. CITy 7163.

WINTER Sports—for details of delightful, informal parties to Austria from 27½ guineas for 16 days, apply to Fairways & Swinford (Travel), Ltd., Dept. (NS), Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard Street, London, S.W.1. Tel. ABBey 2214/5.

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YUGOSLAV holidays from £27 10s. (15 days inc.). Also Israel, Africa and countries in Europe. Programme Easter-October. Holiday Friendship Service, 5 Goodwins Court, London, W.C.2. Send s.a.e.

A SUPERB Tour of Italy. Capri, Sorrento, Pompeii, Naples, Rome, Milan. 16 days 49gns. Escorted throughout by Mr. Lamming. Illus. booklet from Allways, 17 Sicilian Avenue, London, W.C.1. Chs. 6436/7.

TRANS-ATLANTIC Student Charter Flights will again be operated in summer 1953 for students, teachers and University staff, at prices less than tourist class surface fares, through the N.U.S. Travel Department. Further details will be available shortly from the National Union of Students Travel Department, 3 Endsleigh Street, London, W.C.1. EUSton 2184.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

P.S. Have you carried out that New Year resolution to write to Harold Ingham for his 1953 program?

P.P.S. If not, write now to 15 St. John's Road, Harrow, or 'phone Harrow 1040.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"THE Nation," America's Leading Liberal Weekly. Subscriptions £2 16s. 3d. yearly, may be sent through the Publisher, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Specimen copy on request.

MUMMY can't make bread. I can, cos I've got Philip Harben's "The Young Cook" book. 10s. 6d. Peter Nevill.

UNITARIANS. What do they believe? Information and literature on receipt of stamp, from Mrs. Dickin, 17a Hermitage St., Crewkerne, Somerset.

"HEALTHY Childhood" by Jessie R. Thomson. "Commonsense and sincerity."—A. S. Neill. "Can be unreservedly recommended."—Daily Mail. By post 8s. from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

"VEDANTA for East & West" (bi-monthly). Editorial advisers: Dr. Sir S. Radhakrishnan, Mr. Kenneth Walker, F.R.C.S., & Sir John Stewart-Wallace, Ed.: Swami Ghanananda. Ann. sub. 15s. Write Rd. Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Avenue, N.10.

"INTIMACY," by Jean Paul Sartre. "'Leaves' 'Lady Chatterly's Lover' asleep at the post" (Punch). Now available again 12s. post free; Bernard Hanison, Ltd. (Dept. NS3), 11 Monmouth St., W.C.2.

NIMRODS, The Book Hunters, will find that book you want. Send your list of wanted titles to Nimrods, 3 Litchfield Street, Charing Cross Road, W.C.2.

AMERICAN Magazines by yearly postal subscription. National Geog. Magazine, 47s. 6d.; Life (Int.), 57s. 6d.; Popular Mechanics, 32s.; Popular Photography, 36s.: Complete Price List free. Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111 Buchanan St., Blackpool.

BOOKS, second-hand, posted. Write for free lists. Silverdale, 47 Bank St., Glasgow.

ENGLISH, French, German novels bought. Top prices for review copies. Pulteney's, 338 King's Rd., S.W.3. FLA. 1194.

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BOOKS bought and found. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 384 Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

GERMAN Literature bought & sold—Continental Book Supply, 38a Whitechurch Lane, E.1.—by appointment only. MOU. 1482.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS. Tem. 3334. 7 (ex. Mon.), St., Sun., 5 & 8. "Maria Marten." Mems. 5s. yrly.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Evgs. 10.30 (ex-Mon.), Sun. 9.30. "In the Picture," an intimate late-night Revue. Mems. 5s. year.

UNITY (Eus. 5391). "Strangers in the Land." Weds.-Suns., 7.30. Tues., Jan. 6, 7.30, American Film, "Native Land," and Chaplin comedy. Mems.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. Evgs. 7.30 (ex. Mon.), Sun. 6.30, "Ubu Roi," a Burlesque in Masks by Alfred Jarry, produced by William Jay. Membership 5s. yearly.

L.A.T.P., "The Hypochondriack" by Moliere at Toynbee Hall Theatre (Commercial St., Aldgate). FUL. 4146. 7.30 p.m. Jan. 14, 15, 16, 17. 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Cocteau Season. Until January 4: "La Belle et La Bête" (A). From January 5: "Orpheus" (A), "Rooty Toot Toot" (U).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., Jan. 4, 7.30 "L'Uomo Dal Guanto Grigo" (A).

NEW Year's Dance. St. Pancras Town Hall. Saturday, Jan. 3 at 7.30 p.m. Ted Macs Band (MU). Attractive Cabaret. Tickets 3s. 6d. single, 6s. double at the door. Org. by British-Czechoslovak Friendship League.

CARIBBEAN Labour Congress L/B, Grand Annual Ball, Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, W.C.1. (Tube Russell Sq.), Jan. 3, at 7. Leading West Indian Artist plus Carle Francis & his Caribbeans. All welcome.

BEN Uri Arts Ball at Victoria Halls, Bloomsbury Sq., W.C.1. Tuesday, Jan. 6, 8-12 p.m. Cabaret, prizes, etc. Fancy dress optional. Tkts. 10s. 6d. from Sec., Ben Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. WEL. 3001.

HAMPSTEAD Artists' Council: Twelfth Night Fancy Dress Party and Dance. Tuesday, January 6, at Studio House, Rosslyn Hill, 8.30-12. 2s. 6d.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall. Sun., Jan. 18 at 3 p.m. Barylli Quartet. Schubert prog. incl. Trout Piano Quintet (Peter Stadlen & J. Edward Merrett) and Death And Maiden String Quartet. WAT. 3191 and Agents.

WIGMORE Hall. Monday, Jan. 5 at 7 p.m. Concert of Works by eight Composers who have studied with Alan Bush. Artists: Aleph Quartet, Cynthia Gray, Margaret Kitchin, Christine Winters, John Glickman, Gervase de Peyer, Aubrey Bowman, Gwendoline Mullings, and the W.M.A. Singers, conductor Bernard Stevens. Programme includes Herbert Murrill String Quartet. Tkts. 7s. 6d., 5s. Unres. 2s. 6d. from Wigmore Hall.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. New illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

CHINESE Ceramics from Sir Alan Barlow's Collection, Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Jan. 31, Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6, Tues. and Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

RECENT Paintings by Konekamp at Galerie Apollinaire, W.C.2, opp. St. Martin's Theatre. Daily 11-7 until January 17.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Opening January 6: Paintings by Ursula McCannell. 1st Exhibition of Paintings by J. D. H. Cutleugh.

THE Coffee House, 3 Northumberland Avenue, W.C.1. Etchings and Sculpture by Peter L. Peri, Dec. 21 until Jan. 23.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Recent paintings by John Verney; Paintings by Mary Fedden and drawings of Seaports by Stephen Tennant. English & French Lithographs. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Winter Exhibition of Drawings and XIX Century French Paintings.

S.E.A. Pictures for Schools Exhibition, Art Gallery, Imperial Institute, South Kensington, January 10-29. Weekdays 10-4.30, Sundays 2.30-6. Admission free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Important French Lithographs—Toulouse-Lautrec, Picasso (1952), Vuillard, Chagall, etc. Also Redouté "Roses" and Thornton "Temple of Flora."

MAX Chapman. Recent paintings. January 6-27. Leger Galleries, 13 Old Bond St., W.1.

MAX Ernst. Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Tues. to Fri. 11-6. Sat. 11-5. Gallery closed Sun. & Mon.

IRVING Galleries. Until Jan. 27. Paintings & Drawings, Dutch, English and French, 17 Irving St., Leicester Square.

AIA. Gallery, 15 Lisle Street, Leicester Sq. Watercolours & Drawings by Verney, Spender, Trevelyan, Deliss, Searle. Daily 11-6 inc. Saturdays.

PENGUIN Book Exhibition at "Books & Careers," 485 Oxford St., W.1, open daily 9 to 5.30 (Sats. 9 to 1) from January 5 to 17. All Penguins, Pelicans and Puffins in print may be purchased. Admission free.

THE Leicester Galleries' New Year Exhibn. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Leics. Sq.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY College, London. Public Lunch-Hour Lectures on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 1.15 to 2 p.m. in the Anatomy Theatre. (Entrance Gower Street.) Admission free. Jan. 13. The Way We Live Now: a commentary on our urban environment, Professor W. G. Holford. Jan. 15. Recent Experiments in the Pyschology of Vision, Mr. P. H. R. James. Jan. 20. The Future of the Family, Mr. R. O'Sullivan. Jan. 22. The Chiltern Landscape, Mr. J. T. Coppock. Jan. 27. Architecture and Sculpture: Their Relation in Greek Art, Professor C. M. Robertson. Jan. 29. Scholarship and Practice in the History of Biology, Dr. D. M. Ross. Feb. 3.—The Dead Sea Scrolls, Dr. E. Wiesenberg. Feb. 5.—The Origin of Mammals, Dr. K. A. Kermack. Feb. 10.—Toilet in Ancient Egypt, Mr. A. J. Arkell. Feb. 12.—A Late Latin Polymath, Dr. J. A. Willis. Feb. 17.—Monetary Policy in the Post-war Economy, Mr. J. Lanner. Feb. 19.—David I, King of Scots 1124-1153, Mr. G. W. S. Barrow. Feb. 24.—Is There a Philosophy of Science?, Dr. G. B. Brown. Feb. 26. History of Mediaeval Wales, Mr. D. L. Evans. Mar. 3.—Recent Experiments in the Psychology of Learning, Mr. A. R. Jonckheere. Mar. 5.—The Library of a Venetian Humanist, Mr. D. S. Duncan. Details of all public lectures from Publications Officer, University College, London, Gower St., W.C.1. (Stamped env. reqd.)

ALL Nations Social Club. "Co-operation as a World Force," by Roy Thomas, by courtesy London Co-operative Political Committee, Thurs., Jan. 8, 8 p.m. Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel). Questions & Discussion. Non-mems. 1s. 6d. at door.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wednesday, January 7 at 7.30 p.m. Douglas Jay, M.P., "The Economic Consequences of the Commonwealth Conference," at St. Anne's House, 57 Dean Street, W.1. Visitors 2s.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Jan. 6, 8.30. Lecture by Jane Drew on Chandigarh Capital City Project. Wed., Jan. 7, 8.30. Discussion on Surrealism; Chair: Le Roux Smith Le Roux. Thurs., Jan. 8, 8.30. "The Chinese Theatre," Alex McCrindle; Chair: Miles Malleson.

SOCIALIST Party of Great Britain. Public Meetings at Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road. (Nr. Victoria Station.) Alternate Sundays at 7 p.m. January 4: "Revolution," R. Ambridge. January 18: "The Geography of Hunger," J. D'Arcy.

POLAND Regained Territories: Key to Peace in Europe! Hear Gordon Schaffer, Friday, Jan. 2, 7.45 p.m. All welcome. British-Polish Friendship Soc., 81 Portland Pl., W.1.

LUNCH Hour Talks, Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Tuesdays at 1.10. Jan. 6: "Yoga as a Spiritual Training." Jan. 13: "A Plea for a Universal Outlook."

NUGENT Monck on "Shakespeare at the Maddermarket Theatre", Wed., Jan. 7, 7.30; Arts Council, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Tickets 2s. Shakespeare Stage Society, 96 Charlotte St., W.1. (S.a.e.)

"THE Stage As A Picture": lecture by Frederick Crooke, arranged by Finsbury Art Group. Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave., E.C.1 (nr. Sadler's Wells). Tuesday, January 6, 8.15 p.m. Admission 2s.

UNIVERSALIST Service. Sunday, Jan. 4, 3.15 p.m. Denison House, 296, Vauxhall Bridge Road, near Victoria Station. "The Unity of Life." Discourse by Rev. G. P. T. Paget King. P.P.U. Religion Commission.

RACIAL Relations Group. Mon. Jan. 5, 7.30, 32 Tavistock Sq. F. A. Norman: "Policy & Personalities in Colonial Affairs."

VEDANTA Society, 51 Lancaster Gate, W.2. Tuesdays, 7.30 p.m. A new series of lectures on Vedanta in Practice by Swami Avyaktananda.

"RELIGION in the Modern World."—Address by Rabbi Leslie I. Edgar, M.A., at Sunday Service, Jan. 4 at 11.30 at Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St. John's Wood Road, N.W.8 (opp. Lord's Cricket Ground). All welcome.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Jan. 4. S. K. Ratcliffe, "Hopes and Fears for 1953." Questions after lecture. Adm. free. Chamber Concert 6.30. Adm. 1s.

M. L. BURNET: "What makes life worth living." At Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2. Sunday, January 4, at 11 a.m.

A TALK on the Hungarian Theatre, by actor & producer Heinz Bernard, who recently visited the Budapest & Provincial theatres, the Puppet Theatre and Drama Schools in Hungary. Friday, January 9 at 7.30: British Hungarian Friendship Society, 33 Pembridge Square, W.2. Adm. free.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. January 10 at 6 p.m. Signor Vittorio Gabrieli: "L'Italia di Oggi."

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 7 p.m. Jan. 4, "The Real New Year"; Jan. 11, "The Geometrizing Diety." All welcome. No collection. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62, Queen's Gardens, W.2. Leinster Terrace bus stop, Bayswater Road, Paddington, or Lancaster Gate Station, near Devonshire Terrace, Craven Road.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

THE Prague Trial. Public meeting, Beaver Hall, Garlick Hill (nr. Mansion House Stn.), Tues., Jan. 6, 7.30 p.m. Spkr. Mr. Sam Russell, who was present at trial, and supporting spkrs. Chair: Mr. J. Jacobs. Org. by Brit.-Czechoslovak Friendship League.

MEETING to Oppose the Re-introduction of Corporal Punishment, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Thursday, January 15 at 7.30. Speakers include Lord Chorley, Gerald Gardiner, Q.C., C. H. Rolph and R. S. W. Pollard. Organised by The Ethical Union.

CENTRAL Africa Federation Protest Conference. Jan. 10. Beaver Hall, London. Limited number visitors' tickets 2s. Sec., Central Africa Committee, 146 Fleet St., E.C.4.

RALLY to Clemency Meeting for Ethel and Julius Rosenberg, Monday, January 5, 7 p.m., at Conway Hall. Speakers: Mrs. Leah Manning, Mr. J. G. Crowther, Mr. Sydney Silverman, M.P., Mr. Percy Belcher.

DR. J. O. Elias will speak on "Process of Social Change in Nigeria," January 9, 8.15 p.m. All welcome. No collection. 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2 (nr. Leinster Terrace & Craven Rd).

JEWISH Forum (3): "The Jewish Aspects of the Prague Trial." Speakers: David Floyd, John Platts-Mills, S. S. Silverman, M.P., Konni Zilliacus. Chairman: Harry Myer. Anglo-Israeli Club, 43-44 Gt. Windmill St., W.1. Tues., Jan. 6, 8 p.m.

THE Youth Lodge of the Theosophical Society will open on January 9. Meetings are held every Friday between 7 & 9 p.m. at 50 Gloucester Place, W.1 (near Baker St. tube station).

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussions in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Jan. 6. Royston Pike, "Thomas Hardy; the Man and his Books." Admission free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group, 7.15 p.m. Friday, Jan. 2. George Hay, "Dianetics."

DORIS Lessing on "Books and Writers in the U.S.S.R. To-day," Tues., Jan. 13, 7.30 p.m. at the Fulham Central Library, 598 Fulham Rd. Adm. free.

FILMS for War and Peace. Vital Conference called by Film Panel Authors World Peace Appeal. Sun., Jan. 11, 10 a.m. 164 Shaftesbury Ave., W.C.2. Visitors 2s. 6d.

SOVIET Music. Illustrated lecture by Alan Bush. Thurs., Jan. 8, at 7.30 p.m. at S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8 (WEStern 1571). 1s. 6d. (Members & students 1s.)

LANGUAGE Film Cinema, 13 Suffolk Street, Haymarket, S.W.1. Public showing of Language Teaching Films from January 5. French, German, Italian, Spanish classes commence during week of Jan. 19.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London Extension Lectures. American Democracy in Practice. Tuesdays at 6.30 from January 13. Details from the Registrar, Newman Association, 31, Portman Square, W.1. WEL. 9958.

PURLEY Left Discussion Group. Emile Burns, 3 fortnightly lectures. 1st. "Peace and Independence." Tuesday, January 13, Central Library, Purley. 8 p.m.

BECOME Your Own Economist! Free ten-week courses in Basic Economics and Social Philosophy. Separate classes three times weekly beginning Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, January 20, 21, 22, at Westminster, 7 to 9 p.m. Write for prospectus to the Henry George School of Social Science, 4 Great Smith Street, S.W.1, or telephone ABBey 6665. Classes also being held in Enfield, Croydon, Ilford, Hornsey and Chingford areas. Write for full partics. stating area concerned.

BRAZIERS Park, Ipsden, Oxon. Jan. 23-25: Square Dancing & its Tradition. Jan. 30-Feb. 1: Great Ideas. Feb. 6-8: National Language & International Language. Feb. 13-15: Getting One's Own Way. Details of these week-end activities from Secy.

ENGLISH Pronunciation taught scientifically by University trained Phoneticians, privately or in small groups. Ring WEL. 4034 between 9 and 10 a.m. or p.m.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. Gerrard 8531-2. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes, or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

URCHFONT Manor. Selected Courses. January 23-25: "Contemporary Drama Week-end." John Whiting's "Saint's Day," the controversial Festival play, will be read and discussed from the viewpoints of acting and understanding. February 2-8: "Painting and Poetry." Painting and drawing indoors, winter landscapes for the hardy. After daylight a programme of readings, music and discussion. February 13-15: "The Symphony." Development between Haydn's No. 99 and Sibelius' No. 1. Details and full Spring Programme from The Warden, Urchfont Manor, Devizes.

MORLEY College. New term opens January 5. Programme includes new 12-lecture courses on: English Comedy from Shakespeare to Shaw (Monique Raffray: Mondays 6.30); Far East and S.E. Asia (J. Halkema-Kohl: Tues. 6.30). Fee for each course 10s. Dets.: Sec., 61 Westminster Bridge Rd., S.E.1.

LONDON Dance & Movement Centre. Spring Meetings. Jan. 24, 4 p.m. A.G.M. & Party. March 21, 3 p.m. Lecture by Miss R. Foster. 44a Loudoun Rd., N.W.8. Feb. 21, 7 p.m. Recital by Sigurd Leeder School of Dance. 46a Regent Sq., W.C.1.

UNIVERSITY of Durham. Institute of Education. The Institute announces a one-year course of full-time study in the Education of Young Children. Qualified teachers with five or more years of experience in primary schools and lecturers in Training Colleges are eligible for this course; it is recognised by the Ministry of Education for grant. The next course will begin in September, 1953. Further particulars from the Director, Institute of Education, Kepier Ter., Gilesgate, Durham.

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CORONATION Year students joining the Langham Secretarial College before Summer Term will receive an extra month's tuition free of charge for tours and background lectures. Enrol now. Vacancies limited. Prospectus: Principal, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. (MAY. 2904.)

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POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Northn.); London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Degrees; Law Exams., etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

ALL modern languages including Russian, Hebrew, English for foreigners at Language Centre, Gayton Rd. New courses from Jan. 12. Moderate fees. HAM. 9097.

MODERN, creative Dance for adults & children. New term com. Jan. 2. Hilde Holger School, 27 Oval Rd., N.W.1. GUL. 6822.

HAMPSTEAD Rhythm and Movement Group meeting at Lilian Harmel's Dance Studio for weekly practice, accepts members. Partics.: Sec., 48/2 Elsworthy Rd., N.W.3.

CHILDREN dance, percuss and move freely at Lilian Harmel's Dance Studio, 48 Elsworthy Rd., N.W.3 (off Avenue Rd.). Telephone: PRImrose 3500.

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MISCELLANEOUS

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries Secretary, CUN. 8837.

ENJOY your leisure or your ease, Smoke Tom Long, it's sure to please.

SAVE 10s. in the £1. Buy your unrationed tea in bulk. 5 lb pure Indian tea for 12s. 6d. post paid. Send postal order direct to John Bennett & Co., Billiter Bldgs., London, E.C.3, wholesalers for over a century.

DUREX Gloves finger stalls and all surgical appliances sent on by registered post. Send for our free price list now. H. Fiertag, 34 Wardour St., London, W.1.

TAPE & Wire Recorders for sale or hire. Complete range available. Panrek (N), 28 New Bond Street, W.1. MAY. 3903.

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More Classified Adverts. on Pages 21 and 23

Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1: Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.